



LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

TLS

14 JANUARY 1972

No. 3,646

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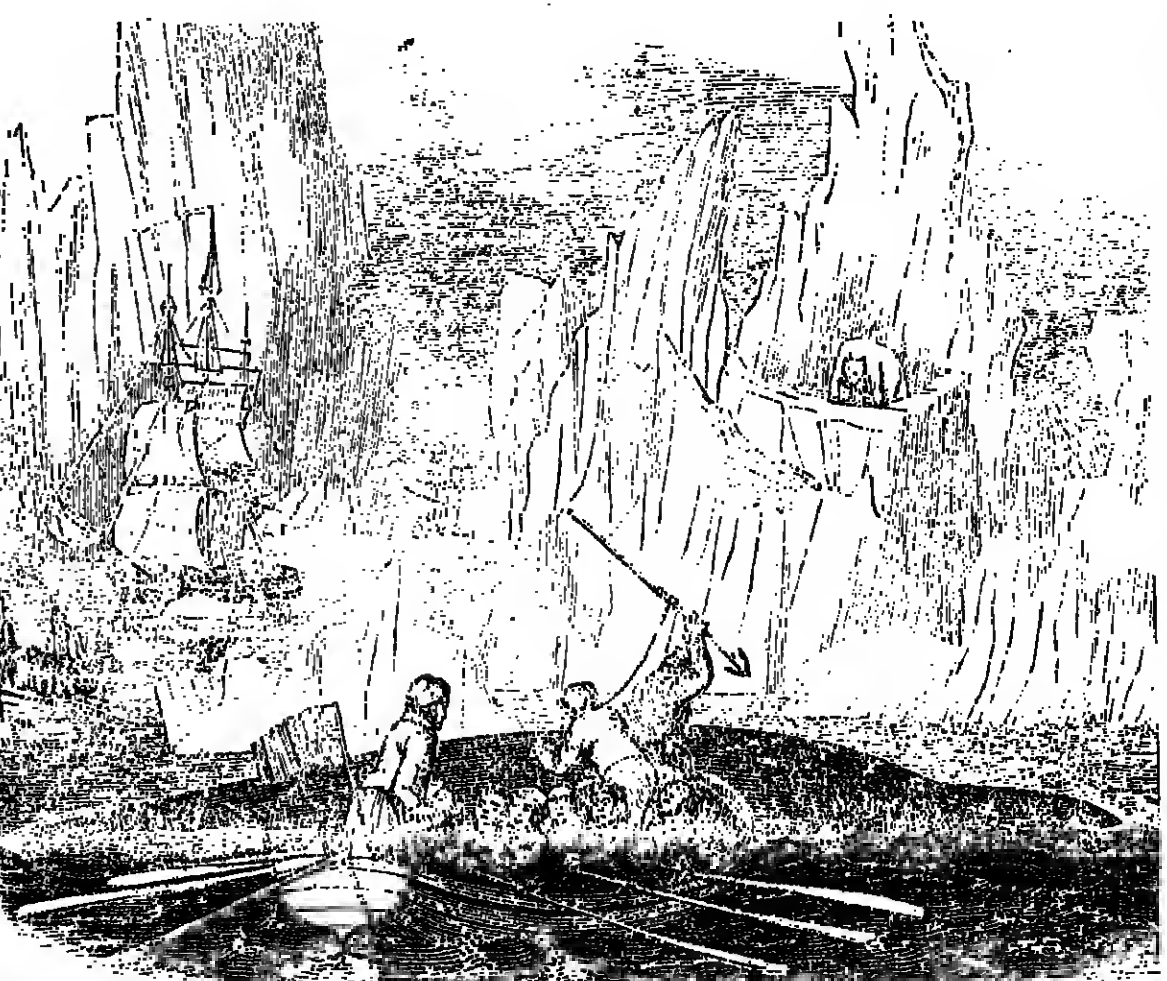
FRIDAY 21 JANUARY 1972

No. 3,647

Price 10p

A monument to Melville

Monuments, those massive piles of cultural accretion, are generally the products of the past. Their literary equivalent is the monument to a writer, a celebration of the impact of his work on the world. But not all monuments have been erected by the past. Some have been erected by the future. In the case of Herman Melville, the monument is a collection of his works, a collection that has been growing steadily since his death in 1892. The monument is a collection of his works, a collection that has been growing steadily since his death in 1892.



"Harassing the Whale in the Arctic Sea" (New York Public Library) - from Melville and His World.

of Melville's works is a monument to his life and work. It is a collection of his works, a collection that has been growing steadily since his death in 1892. The monument is a collection of his works, a collection that has been growing steadily since his death in 1892.

One aspect of the Melville monument of the 1930s and 1940s was the projected Hendricks House edition of the works, an admirable conception with uneven and never completed results. Though revised by a critical committee, it had helped annotations, the textual accuracy of at least one of the volumes, *Moby-Dick*, was severely questioned. This will surely not be the case with the Writings at hand. The financial assistance of the United States Government may, for those of us who are not in the habit of reading Melville, be a blessing, but it is not a guarantee of the quality of the edition.

The impact of Melville's work on the American literary scene is a monument to his life and work. It is a collection of his works, a collection that has been growing steadily since his death in 1892. The monument is a collection of his works, a collection that has been growing steadily since his death in 1892.

The Writings of Herman Melville
Edited by Harrison Hayford, Hershel Parker, G. Thomas Tanselle
Volume III: *Mardi* and *A Typee*
729pp. \$18 (paperback), \$3.95.

Howard P. Vincent:
The Tailoring of Melville's "White-Jacket"
230pp. Evanston, Illinois: Northwestern University Press. \$7.

Martin Leonard Popo:
The Melville Archetype
287pp. Kent, Ohio: Kent State University Press. \$10.

Volume IV: *Redburn*, *His First Voyage*
384pp. \$11 (paperback), \$2.50.

Volume V: *White-Jacket*, or, *The World in a Man-of-War*. 499pp. \$12.50 (paperback), \$3.50.

William Bysshe Stein:
The Poetry of Melville's Late Years
Time, History, Myth, and Religion
275pp. Albany, NY: State University of New York Press. \$7.

Volume VI: *Moby-Dick*
512pp. \$12 (paperback), \$3.50.

Volume VII: *Typee*
275pp. Albany, NY: State University of New York Press. \$7.

Volume VIII: *Mardi*
729pp. \$18 (paperback), \$3.95.

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graphical facts surrounding the writing and publication of the work, and its contemporary reception, we find Professor Willard Thorp attempting to have a last word on the implications of structure in *White-Jacket*, and Professor Herchel Parker cannot resist the temptation to make a few hurried conjectures concerning the probable composition of *Redburn*. Patience, however, is not the virtue of the past fifty years have created a *Literary Annual* where none before existed. There is no longer any need to assume a defensive attitude when discussing Herman Melville. He is a world author, and his monument is rising, an imperishable pile which makes some acknowledgment of the democratic ethos (and Edmund Wilson's grudge) by its availability in a cheap, paperback version.

Though Melville is now a world author, his fame is largely the result of one book. The epic *Moby-Dick* looms large in the corpus, like Tenebris among the Canary Islands. All studies of Melville's work must reckon with that fact of superiority, and seldom question it. As in the case of Shakespeare's will, most of the trouble has been over the second-best. Early on, in the 1930s, *Pierre* had an enthusiastic cult of advocates, "Bartleby" and the other short stories were championed by critics during the 1940s, and the 1950s saw the rise of *The Confidence-Man*. A book appeared recently in America devoted entirely to explicating *Israel Potter*! and here we have Professor Howard Vincent's admirable study of the sources and structure of *White-Jacket*, obviously written under the assumption that it is a book worth a second look. It is a book worth a second look. It is a book worth a second look. It is a book worth a second look.

As Professor Vincent's many acknowledgments make clear, it was Professor Charles R. Anderson's *Melville in the South Seas* which, as

early as 1931, demonstrated the extent to which Melville depended on secondary materials, suggesting that the American Shakespeare was himself a plagiarizer. The territorial imperative on a genuine scholar, since that time, Melville scholars have had a field day hunting sources hither and yon, like one of Thorstein's berrying parties. Mostly (un, one might add, if we were to add up the number of volumes which Melville is credited with reading between 1845 and 1856, while he was also at work writing ten books himself, the total would be Alvin Karpis's. The point is that, whereas in 1949 Professor Vincent had the field to himself, he is now rather inclined to crow like Chanticleer over his own few kernels of discovery. Like Melville's, Professor Vincent's tailoring job is mostly devoted to sewing together the scraps and fragments of other men's work. Where the Writings is evidence of consolidation, Vincent's *Tutoring* is the consolidation of evidence.

As such, it belongs on the shelf next to Professor Thorp's edition of *White-Jacket*, for the two are joined by an invisible umbilicus of cooperation. The unique good-naturedness of Melville studies is here testified to by Professor Thorp's and Professor Vincent's mutual generosity, and the net result is that Professor Thorp dissembles in small what Professor Vincent enlarges upon at length. And "at length" is surely the word for his technique, for we are treated to page after page of parallel columns of "Melville" and some pilfered "Other", a sort of double-entry book-keeping that does not make for very exciting reading. Moreover, some of the resemblances between source and finished statement are rather general, acceptable as analogies, perhaps, but one occasionally needs the zeal of the converted to see what Professor Vincent and his fellow scholars have perceived. Indeed, what one admires most about Professor Vincent's book is his enthusiasm for his subject. A man of broad cultural interests and deep aesthetic passions (whose study of Dauphin was recently well received in these pages), Professor Vincent's prose sparkles and dances with informed allusions, which float on the tide of his deep certainty, of himself and of his man. There is in him that abiding affection for his great subject which marks the best in Melville scholarship.

One wishes the same could be said about the other most recent studies of Melville's work, which vary from the egregiously self-serving to the ponderously dull. Yet all of these books, like Professor Vincent's, operate from the assumption of Melville's greatness. How else can we account for a study like Professor William Bysshe Stein's, which, while admitting



Herman Melville, a portrait by Joseph Oriel Eaton (Houghton Library—Herman Melville and His World).

the problems of aesthetics and sensibility raised by Melville's poetry, goes on to devote an entire book to the explanation of his later, most obscure verse? It is not good poetry, for the most part, claims Professor Stein, yet why, if not that Melville is a consummate great artist, whose chimerical efforts are worth much study? Professor Stein does make some discriminations, the most important of which is the debatable remark that *Bartleby* and *Clarel* are "contrived expressions of [Melville's] poetic talent", a flat statement with nothing to substantiate it but our appreciation of Professor Stein's good opinion, and the kind of free-swinging subjectivity which often amounts to a noisy thrashing about in darkness. The result is likely to be a loud claim for consistency accompanied by a rather quiet process of special selection. There are, however, other possibilities, and if Professor Stein is a glaring example of special plead-

ing, Professor Martin Armstrong illustrates the special pleading by the academic tone of this tired metaphor: the burden of Professor Stein's conclusions, driven home with a self-approving chorus of "certainly", "of course", and "plainly", implies a Melville not far removed from that tenebrous fellow detected by the magic lamp of Lawrence Thompson. Like Professor Thompson, Professor Stein likes to share with his Melville "the pleasure of interlarding" to join in "chortling" blasphemies on the absurdity of belief in a supernatural power". Professor Stein's Melville is a bubbling fountain of clichés, sniggers, and charlies, which one is to interpret, apparently, as the signs of "quiet exaltation" but the net effect of which is to convey the impression of a dirty old man.

For Professor Stein would have us believe that Melville's later poetry is largely informed by sexual imagery. His approach, therefore, is variously Jungian, Freudian, and, as he admits, "Steinian", which involves a sort of eclectic union between phallic objects and Great Mothers, while juggling all manner of mythic analogies. For his purposes Professor Stein drags along an impressive bag of symbols, erudition culled from many disparate sources, and his method is equally various, and subjective in boot. "Heller-Skeller" is the word, and butchery is the result. Surely there is a need for intelligent explanation of Melville's very different, extremely difficult poetry. And there is plenty of evidence that Melville is a cryptic, sly, ambiguous poet, whose imagery indelibly tends towards sexual, even perverse, implications, beyond that, however, most of us are reluctant to go; we remain behind the Johnsonian stone wall of common sense, listening to Professor Stein yodeling enthusiastically in the blue distance of absolute conjecture.

The point is not that a psychological study of Melville's work is in itself ridiculous. Jung himself early recognized that *Moby-Dick* was a rich mine for literary analysis, and Dr Henry A. Murray's introduction to the Hendricks House *Pierre* decorously stressed the archetypal patterns in that troubled and troublesome novel. But psychological criticism, whether Jungian or Freudian or whatever, tends at best to be redemptive—an impulse which denudes the very soul of creative literature—and at worst it allows for the kind of free-swinging subjectivity which often amounts to a noisy thrashing about in darkness. The result is likely to be a loud claim for consistency accompanied by a rather quiet process of special selection. There are, however, other possibilities, and if Professor Stein is a glaring example of special plead-

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ing, Professor Martin Armstrong illustrates the special pleading by the academic tone of this tired metaphor: the burden of Professor Stein's conclusions, driven home with a self-approving chorus of "certainly", "of course", and "plainly", implies a Melville not far removed from that tenebrous fellow detected by the magic lamp of Lawrence Thompson. Like Professor Thompson, Professor Stein likes to share with his Melville "the pleasure of interlarding" to join in "chortling" blasphemies on the absurdity of belief in a supernatural power". Professor Stein's Melville is a bubbling fountain of clichés, sniggers, and charlies, which one is to interpret, apparently, as the signs of "quiet exaltation" but the net effect of which is to convey the impression of a dirty old man.

For Professor Stein would have us believe that Melville's later poetry is largely informed by sexual imagery. His approach, therefore, is variously Jungian, Freudian, and, as he admits, "Steinian", which involves a sort of eclectic union between phallic objects and Great Mothers, while juggling all manner of mythic analogies. For his purposes Professor Stein drags along an impressive bag of symbols, erudition culled from many disparate sources, and his method is equally various, and subjective in boot. "Heller-Skeller" is the word, and butchery is the result. Surely there is a need for intelligent explanation of Melville's very different, extremely difficult poetry. And there is plenty of evidence that Melville is a cryptic, sly, ambiguous poet, whose imagery indelibly tends towards sexual, even perverse, implications, beyond that, however, most of us are reluctant to go; we remain behind the Johnsonian stone wall of common sense, listening to Professor Stein yodeling enthusiastically in the blue distance of absolute conjecture.

Cometh the hour, cometh the wrong man

Johnson of everyday contact does not come through. Here was a tough, proud, intelligent man; an American original. But the stage on which he walked on November 22, 1963, was not set for that type of leading man. The scenario called for a smooth, witty, superficially cultured glamour boy. Johnson was inept, more complicated than these history books have presented him since Franklin Roosevelt. The key issue was the Vietnam War. He saw it as his chance for greatness. In the event it forced his retirement. It is a tribute to his heart, if not to his head, that in this book, after all that has happened, he sticks to his guns.

My own assessment in 1965 and in 1968 (and today) was that abandoning our pledges and our commitment in Vietnam would be a genuine move and worse controversy would bring us only greater dangers in Laos, Cambodia, Thailand, and elsewhere, including India and Pakistan than would a policy of seeing our commitment through in Southeast Asia. In 1947 the British were able to press on to us their responsibilities in Greece, and Turkey. In 1954 the French knew they could transfer the problem of Southeast Asia's security to our shoulders. But if the United States abandoned its responsibilities, who would pick them up? The answer, in the short run, was: no one. At 1 and in 1965, we did not ask to be guardians at the gate.

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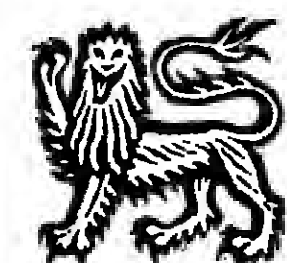
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Recovering Egypt's dignity

ROBERT STEPHENS:

Nasser
635pp. Allen Lane (The Penguin Press). £4.75.

In past years there has not been any dearth of books about President Nasser and his regime—to name a few, those by Lacouture, Wheelock, Wynn, Mansfield, Issawi, O'Brien, Vatikiotis, Little, Abdel-Malek, and Vanheer. In joining this rather crowded circle, Robert Stephens makes a contribution that is really only incremental: he adds a good many details on various episodes, and brings the record up to Nasser's death in 1970, in an authoritative and professional fashion, but we do not really gain a different or more revealing picture of Nasser than we had before. Since it is too early for a definitive book about Nasser to be written, as Mr Stephens himself acknowledges, he perhaps should have skipped the first half of his very long text, which only repeats the familiar story of the last days of the old regime, Nasser's personal background, the 1952 coup, and all the domestic and foreign events of the 1950s, through Suez, the union with Syria, and so on. On the other hand, Mr Stephens gives us a superbly detailed and clear account of Nasser's international dealings of the 1960s, especially the Yemen war, conflicts with various Arab rivals, the resurgence of the Palestine-Israeli problem after 1964, the Six Day War, and Egypt's subsequent struggle for recovery. On domestic Egyptian affairs Mr Stephens has much less to say, although he recites the main facts and here and there gives us some interesting bits—e.g., a brief account of the Egyptian army's growing political independence from Nasser after 1962.

Shaikh-up

DONALD HAWLEY:
The Trucial States
379pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.25.

The end of an empire is usually a messy business, whether Roman, Ottoman, British or what-you-will: and the nearer you get to the final stages of the process the messier it is apt to become. Rhodesia, some would say, is a case in point. So too, however, is the Persian Gulf, where the British recently ungrudgingly extricate themselves from old entanglements with rather less of a mess than many people had feared.

A few people were shot, to be sure, when the soldiers of the Shah invaded those rocky bits of Arab, Colossal Qaddafi angrily seized the assets of British Petroleum in Libya; and both the Arab League and the United Nations were formally, and predictably, apprised of the disputes that arose. But compared to the chaos that might have been in that incredibly rich and strangely fragmented corner of the world, these were but nervous twitches—the pins and needles, as it were, of a region awakening to its own local life again after a century-and-a-half of sleep under the benign yet crushing weight of the British Raj.

Donald Hawley, an Arabist of Her Majesty's Foreign Service, who has served in the Gulf, has given us the first generally accessible account of those 150 years of British hegemony as they affected what came to be known as the Trucial States of Oman. His book was written and published before Britain's withdrawal from the area was complete, so that he was unable to do the final "I" or cross the very last "I" of the story. But the absence of the neat conclusion hardly

complicated and dangerous challenges that he could not easily avoid. Nasser emerges from the narrative as a patriot dedicated to improving the lot of ordinary Egyptians and other Arabs, hampered by certain personal failings and by the power of his enemies, and in the end a tragic figure.

The fifty-page chapter on the aftermath of the June war records all manner of large and small events and judiciously interprets Nasser's strategic view of his position, but is generally rather perfunctory. The student riots, the dismissal of Aly Subry, Nasser's acceptance of the Rogers Plan and cease-fire and subsequent violation of the latter were all events full of underlying significance, but each is treated only briefly and inconclusively. This is compensated for, however, by a concluding chapter which eloquently and imaginatively sums up Nasser's virtues and faults, and here Mr Stephens really comes into his own. He finds Nasser a paradoxical and heavily flawed figure:

His character was a mass of contradictions. . . . He strangely combined passion and calculation. . . . He was both frank and secretive, a proclaimer of bold truths and rapable of unblinking lies.

He risked disaster when the human and material resources at his disposal failed to match his ambitions or his between plodding reform and bursts of apparently reckless adventure and the marching language in which his propaganda helped unwillingly to build up around himself and the Arabs an international image of untrustworthiness and violence. . . .

Toward Israel he was "more willing and able than most Arab leaders to accept a prolonged coexistence", but not

to go further and use such coexistence as a preparation for peace rather than a postponement of war. . . . Nasser could not rise above the Arabs' own deep sense of grievance and of anger at the Israelis themselves in language which showed some understanding of the hopes and fears behind their aggressiveness.

Despite these failings, and despite all the ramifications of the 1967 disaster, Mr Stephens argues that on balance during his career Nasser enhanced the independence and material progress of Egypt and the Arabs. Moreover, "Nasser by providing continuous stable and progressive government in the biggest and most developed Arab state, helped to ensure that in most cases Arab society underwent change in a comparatively bloodless way". And lastly, Nasser represented the "Third World's" struggle for the recovery of human dignity and identity.

People will debate for many years the pros and cons of Nasser and his regime. Mr Stephens, a strong sympathizer, is conscientious in acknowledging his faults. None the less, two cardinal faults in particular have gone unrecognized. First, however important the quest for dignity and identity and the "daring and audacity" required to stir the popular imagination and encourage the self-confidence needed to face the modern world, there is a thin but vital line separating all this from an aura of sheer unreality in the public's perceptions of their political environment. Amidst the propaganda, the foreign adventures, and the domestic crash projects, it may reasonably be argued that the Egyptian and Arab masses in the shadow of Gamal Abdel Nasser were exposed to the dangers of fantasy rather than of despair.

For their own good

PETER MANSFIELD:
The British in Egypt
351pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £3.50.

About half of *The British in Egypt* is devoted to the Cromer era, and rightly so, for it was during the twenty-five years of his authority that British attitudes to the economies, the politics, and the people of Egypt were forged so effectively that they survived into the 1950s. When the British Ambassador, Lord Killearn, put tanks into Abidin Palace in 1941 to compel King Farouk to change his government, he was behaving towards the king as Cromer might have done towards the recalcitrant Khedive Abbas Hilmi.

This was largely due to the history of the period which, with one or two exceptions, combined to describe Lord Cromer in most laudatory terms. He deserved much of this praise for the efficiency and good husbandry he brought to a bankrupt and divided country that by 1903 gave it a degree of prosperity which a Frenchman described at the time as unparalleled in the Western world. From the seemingly modest position of British Agent and Consul General, he ruled with a calm confidence that made harsh oppression unnecessary and enabled him to grant a measure of freedom of speech and print that was remarkable for its time and brought Levantine Christian intellectuals to Cairo in search of it.

The blemishes in this seemingly perfect performance have emerged in historical assessments only in recent years, and Peter Mansfield's study is one more balanced analysis of this highly moral and olympian Victorian whose sense of his own rectitude armed him against all comers. It mental arteries, which made him incapable of seeing that his benevolent paternalism towards the Egyptian childlike obedience before the turn of the century: if they were naughty he was in his view because they were misguided by Muslim family or foolish nationalists. For most other Egyptians Lord Cromer reserved a deal of contempt. They were unfit to govern themselves and their nationalism was spurious, as he was at pains to emphasize in his farewell address in Cairo.

His answer to their unfitness was to call on all foreigners—Turks, Armenians, Jews, Levantines and British, French and Germans—to be

Secondly, there is the police state, which he assures us was less fully imposed in Nasser's Egypt than in other dictatorships. Admittedly, information did come to light so far, as by-product of the internal crisis in Egypt in the 1967 and the spring of 1970, is at least clear that the network—or rather, some more pervasive and penetrating—of Nasser's lifetime than had been suspected. The point is that this signified an element of corruption in a single cryptic sentence, a political machine as a tired and infected by met—

But that Nasser had scarcely escape the one sitting as he did at the power system feeding news, intrigue, deception, of Here is a vital speculation which Lord Killearn's and more interpretative properly raises but Mr Stephens overlooks along the spring of 1902, was a victim only of a political system required running dangerous also of a paranoid of his had fed upon the corruption system of authority which had surrounded himself as had fatally impaired his

of single mind in running for them. Yet Cromer is enough that the Arab had been directed against a foreigner sustained by foreign. Egypt for the Egyptians had and ever since they called him Mohammed Ali to call for them in 1805. For a decade after Cromer that many Egyptians who were to tolerate the British in their country back to the British were unwilling to let first because imperial policy, a justification for their presence in Egypt and later because acquired towards Egypt a sense exceeding the towards the Khedive which were actual.

The history of the British in Egypt is so well documented no one can now add much to it, but Mr Mansfield has written a book that is a general reader. His account with the Suez invasion of 1956, the excellent reason for Anthony Eden's policy succeeded, where nationalism had so long been riding Egypt of its foreign making it a country of Egypt. The British invaded Egypt. They justified the first of the grounds that the Suez Egyptian, as Mr Mansfield says, and the second because not. The story afterwards, longer the story of the British in Egypt because they had Mr Mansfield has in any case ten two of the most valuable on the Nasser period.

The end of the affair had interesting links with the Arab movement was allied to Turkish liberals under Sherif who promptly turned back the safety of British protection in Egyptianism of Arab's came evident: the World, the 1919 rebellion, remained than but turned from the British in pursuit of power returned in the people too late as Sherif Pasha had sought to arrest Arab for his purpose. Wardak leaders wrongly that the Nasser revolt was for it is an interesting story of the slowness of a long-suffering and Mr Mansfield has told a scholarly interest.

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FICTION

A Canadian episode

BRIAN MOORE:
The Revolution Script
261pp. Cape. £1.75

Following Brian Moore's career through from his mid-1950s success, *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne*, to last year's Hollywood-baiting, self-accurring *Fergus*, one senses that he has been writing himself into a corner. Mr Moore emigrated to Canada from Ireland in 1948, and at that healthy distance he prided by the smallness and strictness of Ulster society, and the defensive primness of its Catholic citizens. Judith Hearne and Diarmuid Devine, the lonely scholastic in *The Fear of Lupercal*, move through a dowdy parlour of a world, minding their manners; their bodies are stiff, and in their minds it is always Sunday. Nailed up on the wall, the Divine Infant of Prague watches them from his frame, his image a spiritual stereotype in match the plaster ducks of the goddess.

Mr Moore's later novels show the vestigial religious conscience straining to give depth to North American life. Faith itself is unacceptable, making unreasonable demands on the behaviour of anyone who is spiritually free to be honest with himself. Yet bourgeois, bedrooms and success do not content the soul; in this, at least, the priests were always right. This potentially seditious situation has clearly caused Mr Moore much anguish, and his resentments of its miseries have been becoming increasingly bleak. At the end of *Fergus*, in fact, he finds himself on the brink of non-statement. "If you have not found a meaning," says *Fergus's* ghost-father, "then your life is meaningless."

But life does at least offer a choice of palliatives; and it is certainly the good old net of writing that affords Mr Moore himself the possibility of relief. Possibly, not certainly, for Mr Moore is not prepared to take for granted even the authority of his own impulses. His own suffering plainly speaks from the scene in *An Answer from Limbo* where Brendan Tierney, alone in his writing-room, afflicts himself with the classic self-

doubt of the fictioneer: "Will I be able to revenge myself on the past by transforming it into a world of words? . . . For who is more contemptible than the false artist, posuring through life as he spews out his tiny frauds?"

Mr Moore has been living out these painful questions for almost twenty years, and parts of *Fergus* suggested that they were beginning to exhaust him. A change of diet was long overdue, and that is more or less what *The Revolution Script* represents. It is the first of Mr Moore's works to suggest that North American culture has assimilated him completely, for it is a "documentary novel" dealing in the plain facts of the James Cross kidnapping, carried out by the Quebec Liberation Front late in 1970.

Scarcely a mention of old Ireland, only the occasional hint of Catholicism, and certainly no over-active consciences. It hardly seems like Brian Moore book at all; and though one has no right to disappointment on that score, for it is not a writer's duty to be predictable, it must be said that books of this kind have been produced by writers without a fraction of Mr Moore's talent. There is almost an opportunity here for Mr Moore to get inside the minds of his characters, to watch them interpret the present in the light of their own personal histories, or to put over his narrative in the particular idiom of the individual witnessing events. Thus he casts his greatest gift aside. His style here, stripped down, tense, tries too hard to be ominous, like that of old newsroom commentators who pitched their voices falsely low for wartime defeats, dastardly crimes and funerals.

Everywhere on the newsreels that Sunday morning they heard it like a knell. Mourning music. No commercials. Just mourning music. Everywhere, everywhere. No news at all. They tried to make news. They must show that they were not killers, that Cross was still alive, that, somehow, a plan should be kept open to negotiate.

Apart from this portentous foreboding, and the unremarkable spots of novelistic lubrication that keep time moving between events, there is nothing much here that invites literary judgment. From a political standpoint, it is important to learn something of the legitimate grievances of

the French Canadians, even if Brian Moore has to filter them through the extreme attitudes adopted by the F.L.Q. A decently literate account of present-day Irish life, written from the point of view of the IRA gunman, would have a similar flavour; perhaps Mr Moore's interest in the Cross episode was nourished in the first place by the feeling that in leaving Ireland he had moved from one Ulster to another. To the extent that it explains the comradeship of anger among French Canadians, at any rate, the book drops neatly into a vacancy pointed out a few years ago by Edmund Wilson, who complained, in *O Canada*, that there seemed to be only one inside account of the FLQ in print.

In the context of the book itself, sympathy with the cause of French Quebec is effectively neutralized by the callousness of the young kidnappers, and more especially by the action of their reckless F.L.Q. enligues, who murdered the Labour Minister Pierre Laporte; so the most debatable points in emerge from Brian Moore's text concern the role of the communications systems, press and TV, through which the revolutionaries made their demands and the Government its replies. Mr Moore's opinion seems to be that Primo Minister Piorro Trudeau has an unmatched grasp of the possibilities of television, but that his temper let him down in front of the "pitiful electronic eye" at a time when tact might have saved Pierre Laporte's life. Whatever one may think of Mr Trudeau, and it is obvious that he cannot simply be the harmless, Hefner-style playboy the world press would have us take him for, this is a pretty serious point for a "documentary novelist" to try to make in passing; and the independent, carefully researched account of F.L.Q. aims and policies does not gain in authority when unaltered with a specifically anti-Trudeau line that comes straight from the narrator and has overtones of more personal resentment.

With things as they are, it is difficult to see how Brian Moore's imagination can resist returning soon to Ulster. There, too, television is a weapon. Explosions shake the Divine Infant off his nail. Even Judith Hearne and Diarmuid Devine are political animals now.

Hull and high water

ANNA TAYLOR:
My Sister, My Self
168pp. Longman. £1.75.

My Sister, My Self begins promisingly with the narrator, Kate, returning to her family home near Hull to bury her father. It is promising because the mourners are frozen into postures which suggest complex relationships which will be explained.

Kate's pretty sister Lindsey is there with her protective girl-friend; there are younger half-brothers and sisters who are oddly remote from the two girls and an incongruous Spaniard who is moved by the occasion. Unfortunately, Miss Taylor has relied on a tortured time sequence and complicated flashbacks to establish what went on before, and she has not been helped by some slipshod editing.

Kate and Lindsey, abandoned when very young by a glamorous mother, had been brought up by their charming and slippery father, a classics lecturer, who remarried and produced four more children.

Both girls grew up with a sense of loss and exclusion, and the novel explores the unhappy lives they seem to have been destined for, lives which are seen as interchangeable but inevitable alternatives to childhood deprivations. Kate marries the first man she meets, believing herself plain and unwanted. He is a bounder in publishing and their life together is a cold artefact of complacent

nu pair girls and squabbles about entertaining. After three children and an affair with the Spaniard at the graveside, Kate leaves her husband and takes a job in his old firm. Lindsey, seen by her sister, is an orphan, who struggles to become a nurse and ruins her career by a passionate liaison with another nurse, whose promiscuous goings-on drive her to several suicide attempts.

Hopeless Harlem

LOUISE MERIWETHER:
Daddy was a Number Runner
208pp. Hodder and Stoughton. £1.75.

Any novel with as laudatory a foreword by James Baldwin as this novel might be said to have an unfair start. Yet Mr Baldwin is right to call the book a "consolable achievement" and his generous description of it as "an assessment, in a deliberately minor key, of a major tragedy," is apt.

Daddy was a Number Runner is set in the Harlem of the late 1930s, and told through the medium of a child-narrator, the girl Franco Coffin. Franco's father is a fixer for the gambler syndicate manipulated by the gangster syndicate. Substantial cash prizes tantalize the oppressed and repressed inhabitants of Harlem like possible exit visas, or, more likely,

temporary good times. The suggestion is that the only hope of better conditions to which the Blacks can attach themselves is Chance—and that is run by the gangsters who, in the Harlem 1930s, are safer than Franco's people from police attentions: the police are bribed.

The Law enters the novel following the murder of a white pervert by Negro youths. And this, too, is the time of the Scottsboro Boys rape case, of the Joe Louis victory over the German Max Baer. Riots, looting, violence, rival gangs, prostitution, poverty, righteous welfare officials, unemployment, rat-infested tenements: Miss Meriwether has somehow refrained from justifiable stridency and hysteria to present a rounded picture of Harlem which is as depressing as it should be without ever losing sight of vitality and humour. *Daddy was a Number Runner* is urban documentary fiction of a very high order.

Hutchinson

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31 January/£2.25

Hutchinson

The Roman Greek

C. P. JONES:
Plutarch and Rome
157pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press, £2.75.

C. P. Jones has already written half a dozen useful articles on this sort of subject. He gives a Canadian address. He acknowledges help from Canadian, Germano-Canadian, British and Italian scholars. And he indicates that the book arose out of a thesis proposed and directed by Herbert Bloch.

There is something Plutarchian about this easy transition across the seas. Indeed, it almost encourages the optimistic thought that we may at last, in this later twentieth century, be returning to a state of affairs in which one can move readily between the learned milieus of various lands, as in the days of Plutarch or, indeed, in the Middle Ages. But there are still formidable hindrances in many, or most, countries, and the enviable cosmopolitanism of Plutarch, at least so far as Greece and Rome (and to some extent Egypt) were concerned, is yet another reason to rejoice that the fashion for looking down on his achievement is, as Mr Jones remarks, on the decline. For example, it has been demonstrated in recent years that Plutarch neither derived his knowledge of the classical poets entirely from handbooks, nor depended upon prose anthologies as extensively as had sometimes been suggested. His consequent reassessment as a literary personality is one reason why Mr Jones feels that the time has come to re-examine him as an historical figure also—that is to say as a person affected by the political and social currents and tendencies prevailing round him.

Nothing about the man whose writings, at any hand, stimulated Shakespeare's *Anthony and Cleopatra* can ever fail to be of interest, if only because Plutarch's *Lives*, whatever their charm and other merits, still seem a curiously unpredictable source for such towering inspiration. But the present book is not concerned with such questions of *Nachleben* at all. It deals instead with the pattern

of life in the high Roman empire, and the place Plutarch occupied in that pattern. This is a rewarding theme, not only because of its intrinsic interest, but because his voluminous surviving works focus strong and clear illumination on a particular section of the society in question.

For Plutarch was a prosperous Greek, of good family, who collaborated with the Romans. One must watch one's choice of terms here—or one's tone of voice. Do we, should we, employ the word "collaborator" with a hostile sneer, in Second World War fashion? Probably not, since the circumstances of the second and twentieth centuries are so extremely different. To side with the enemies or invaders of one's country in a world war is not the same thing as cooperating with a Roman imperial regime which had not only been in existence for a long time but could also evidently not be prevented from continuing far into the future, for an indefinite duration and indeed, so far as anyone could see, for evermore.

Here Mr Jones has a contribution to make, particularly in connexion with the *Parallel Lives*. As he says, the view is often expressed that Plutarch wrote to prove to the Romans that the Greeks were not contemptible *Graeci* but had produced great men of action, and correspondingly to prove to the Greeks that the Romans were not, after all, such barbarians as they might have thought. Mr Jones does not believe that this is quite the right way to look at it. What he feels, instead, with some justice, is that the *Lives*

do not reveal a cleavage between Greeks and Romans, but rather their unity. They express an age in which Greeks became Roman consuls and commanded Roman armies, when emperors and future emperors could hold the archbishop at Athens. . . . It is usual to divide Plutarch's friends into two groups: those who were Greek and those who were Roman. For several reasons, that will not do. There is only a language in common between an itinerant Cypriot and a descendant of the royal house of Commagene, between a Pythagorean from Etna and a companion of Caesar's enemies. . . . Plutarch and many of his Greek friends were themselves Romans before the law.

Should one conclude, then, that the Mediterranean world had at last settled down into a happy friendship

between all the Greeks and Romans, who had formerly hated each other so heartily? One should not. But now it had become a matter of class rather than race or language. The Romans had very cleverly won the loyalty of the ruling élites in the famous Greek cities, including not only pure Greeks like Plutarch himself, but, further to the east, countless more or less Hellenized local leaders of the most varied oriental origins. Yet the depressed elements in the same cities still felt very differently, and it is they who, as Plutarch pointed out, offered opportunistic Greek city politicians the temptation to exploit their discontents. Mr Jones might also have added that the rural poor also, who were totally excluded from the amenities of Greek city life and the Pax Romana alike, had no reason to feel any love for either, long before the Pax Romana began to break down.

For Rome's successful attraction of the upper classes of these Greek lands Plutarch is a major source. Mr Jones has therefore performed a valuable task by going over all his Roman connexions in some detail, and thus providing, in a brief compass, a larger amount of accurate information on this subject than can be gleaned from any other book. He also supplies useful data about Plutarch's *Lives of the Caesars* (in which only *Gaius* and *Octavian* survive), about the *Political Precepts*, and other treatises on similar themes; and about his early declamations on Alexander, the glory of Athens, and the fortunes of the Romans. He tells us, too, about Plutarch's home-town of Chieronea—the sort of little place which, for all its historical traditions, many other distinguished Greeks would not have cared to stay in.

It now remains for someone to wade once again through the great bulk of Plutarch's "philosophical" writings, available in the Loeb Library but not yet though this is to be hoped for in the Penguin Classics, and to ponder, in the light of modern research, upon the socio-political evidence that could no doubt be wrested from them as well. Indeed, this would not be an enjoyable task, for one does not need to think of Shakespeare again to offer a reminder that Plutarch, at his best or even sometimes at his worst, can be exceedingly entertaining and revealing.

In the courts

A. R. W. HARRISON:

The Law of Athens: Procedure
Edited by D. M. MacDowell
270pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press, £3.75.

Soon after the appearance of the first volume of A. R. W. Harrison's *Law of Athens*, on the family and property (reviewed in the TLS on June 26, 1969), the author regrettably died. His materials on procedure, however, were in a sufficiently advanced state of preparation to be published, and D. M. MacDowell has seen the volume through the press.

It was observed of the first volume that the reader is plunged directly into a consideration of substantive law without any discussion of the machinery by which rules are made and implemented. The new volume repairs that deficiency, giving us, in three sections, an account of the judicial machinery of Athens (the numerous magistrates, the courts and arbitrators), the legal process (classification and initiation of actions, pleas, evidence, hearing, penalties, execution of judgments), and special procedures for public wrongs (a somewhat heterogeneous collection). The book has all the merits of its predecessor—clarity and unpretentiousness of style, sound arrangement, full citation of contemporary authorities and of modern literature, and eschewing of speculation and theorizing. In a work on procedure, the

fact that our sources are the speeches of the great orators is not the handicap that it is in the case of substantive law—they are then operating the machine and can be relied on with confidence; the book is, in consequence, relatively more satisfying than its companion. The two volumes together make an indispensable work of reference.

It is much to be regretted that Harrison's discussion of the law of obligations was not so advanced as that of procedure. No notice, however brief, could be given without reference to the scrupulous editing of Professor MacDowell, who clearly (as he states in the preface) has "not added or changed any statement of fact or opinion—not even in those places . . . in which I happen to take a different view". The editor does, however, reveal that he has made some changes of wording and deletions: one may, at any rate, wish that, at least occasionally, he had excised "the great" before mention of *Miltades*—the only criticism of a most valuable book.

For a new edition of *The Demosthenic Orations: A Movement of Protest in Roman North Africa* (36pp., Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press, £5.50) W. H. C. Frend has written a new preface and brought his bibliography up to date. Professor Frend's book describes the Donatist struggle against St Augustine and illuminates the causes of the rise and fall of Christianity in North Africa.

Mythic links

MICHAEL GRANT:

Roman Myths
203pp plus 10pp of plates. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £3.

Michael Grant produces books at almost superhuman speed, out-pacing his nearest rivals by a book or two a year, often very good books indeed, like his recent *Chaos of Traitor*. And much in this present book is very good: clear and relevant illustrations; strong insistence on the important part played by the Etruscans in the transmission of some "myths"; and in the invention of others which were later thought of as distinctively Roman: lively speculations on the inventiveness of Roman aristocrats in the last two centuries of the Republic in introducing a god, a hero or a nymph to give their families a suitably decorative start.

A beginning might have been made by defining the word "myth", for since Wissawa it has been fashionable to believe that the Romans had no mythology of their own, and much that Professor Grant describes would better be called legend or folk-lore. A clearer account could have been given of the wild extravagances of etymology—for instance, the fascinating story that, in sacrifice, Roman nobles covered their heads and turned away because Aeneas, on his way to sacrifice in Italy, was startled, as we might be, in run into Odysseus (or, alternatively, Diomedes), and this was the evasive action that he took to avoid recognition.

There are certainties in this field—for instance, the story that Romulus and Remus were suckled by a she-wolf (*lupa*) must be earlier than the rationalization that they were brought up by a prostitute (*hepala*), who was identified with the super-prostitute Aelia Laetitia. But, for the rest, most speculation, and here Roman Myths indulges in two different ways. First, Professor Grant sometimes states as fact what is no more than theory—for instance, that a book called *The Constitution of Romulus* was published at the time of Sulla.

Secondly, unidentified "modern theories" are frequently mentioned, usually in order to be rejected. Whose modern theory, and where is it to be found, the reader may ask? For instance, "contrary to a recently ex-

pressed view", piety. It is certainly a built-in quality of Aeneas from the start, carry your father on your back across half Europe was, of course, piety in the sense, and figures of Aeneas shouldering his paternal burden as old as the fifth century. But Karl Galinsky—the object of reference, presumably—cites in his book was that piety a dominant quality of Aeneas in Virgilian invention.

The notes are a further irritation. "The founders of the septuagenerian primers of Sainsbury. Her-her, in the notes, to find some place, precariously in the pen of a German book which is not a library. There are numerous fragments of Fabius Pictor, but most of the comparable Aeneas: it does not. For the night meetings with Egeria at World War have had all their colours referred to a line of Juvenal, towards the end of the 1940s even the When Horatius was tried for those by E. K. Brown (1948) had begun to appear old-fashioned while there was still some useful critical wear in them. The demand for a new compendium of the new knowledge and of the shifts in critical emphasis dictated by it was therefore a real one.

It has been rapidly met. Fraser's excellent essay in Twayne's "English Authors" series was the first of the new model primers to appear in 1968. It was followed in 1969 by Michael Thorpe's more elementary and patchy contribution to the "Literature in Perspective" series—the work of a younger man more interested in the poetry than in the prose. Now we have Douglas Bush's "short survey of Arnold's writing in several areas . . . necessary for a limited to some main lines and

It has all been done too fast: the times when even the most learned and gifted of historians should be writing in several areas . . . necessary for a limited to some main lines and everything that he is told, who little while to pursue further on his own and who does not too great hopes on the accuracy of the notes, this book is, like everything that Professor Grant writes, interesting and a reflection of his knowledge.

Interment policy

DONNA K. KURTZ and JOHN BOARDMAN:

Greek Burial Customs
384pp. Thames and Hudson, £3.50.

The first half of this book deals with Athenian burial customs from the twelfth century BC to the end of the Hellenistic age, the second with the rest of Greece, including Greek cities and Greekized cities in Asia Minor, South Russia, Egypt and the West. The framework in both sections is chronological, but a substantial chapter on funeral rites occurs in both sections before the chapters on the Hellenistic period, because most is known about classical funeral rites and they are the most interesting. The main emphasis throughout is on the location of cemeteries and the different types of tomb employed, and this mass of detailed information is backed up by maps, bibliographies to each chapter, a gazetteer of cemeteries outside Attica, and a wealth of illustrations. The illustrations are extremely valuable: the line-drawings are excellent; the reproductions of photographs are not of particularly high quality but include a number of interesting objects such as the Meeconian tomb at Lekadia, the courtyard tomb at Alexandria, or the tumult at Blizniza, which are difficult to find elsewhere.

One can only be grateful for the enormous amount of up-to-date information about cemeteries, tombs, offerings, but the assemblage does not make for easy reading, and only a specialist will appreciate the allu-

sions. The absence of any system of cross-referencing from the text to the bibliographies makes it difficult to find what one does not already know. For instance: "there may have been yet earlier warrior stela to judge from the allusion in an epigram on a base recently found, apparently for a victim of the battle of Oenophyta in 457 BC"; previously this epigram occurs somewhat in the ten references for Ilion in the chapter bibliography, but when the authors are not without prejudices: "The cult of the dead in the Hellenic period, as in the Mycenaean Age, is most interestingly attested." This is a much debated subject, but the evidence for Athens in the eighth and seventh centuries seems to many to be irrefutable, as Homer Thompson's work on the subject should have been quoted. The authors have very little to say about the divine and heroic mythology represented or implied by tomb-offerings. But these tell us something about the beliefs of the people. Satyr's epiphora (the name for a particular shape of vase which they quite reasonably doubt) shows that the Greeks thought that Dionysos was something to do with the dead, and this belief accounts for the choice of vases and terracottas with Dionysos subjects as offerings to the dead. Similarly, what the authors call a donkey rider in a grave at Olympia is probably Hephaisstos being brought back by Dionysos. These overtones make grave gifts come alive, and they are too often missed in this very full but rather aseptic book.

The voice of sanity

DOUGLAS BUSH:

Matthew Arnold
202pp. Macmillan, £3.50.

Specialist studies of different aspects of Matthew Arnold's work have come so thick and fast in recent years that short surveys of his whole oeuvre—that is to say, introductions intended for the general reader or the undergraduate—beginner—already seem outmoded both in their scholarship and in their reflection and judgment of the trends of contemporary

criticism as if published more than ten years ago. It is true that the septuagenerian primers of Sainsbury, Her-her, in the notes, to find some place, precariously in the pen of a German book which is not a library. There are numerous fragments of Fabius Pictor, but most of the comparable Aeneas: it does not. For the night meetings with Egeria at World War have had all their colours referred to a line of Juvenal, towards the end of the 1940s even the When Horatius was tried for those by E. K. Brown (1948) had begun to appear old-fashioned while there was still some useful critical wear in them. The demand for a new compendium of the new knowledge and of the shifts in critical emphasis dictated by it was therefore a real one.

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Autopsy of a mammoth

IAN FLETCHER (Editor):

Meredith Now
Some Critical Essays
317pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, £3.

Reading George Meredith's novels (with perhaps the blessed exception of *Evan Harrington*) has never been a child's play, but people before—let us say—1914 thought the effort worth making. Was it then? Is it now? That is the question this book sets out to answer.

Not that this is the first time by any means that the giant shape of Meredith has loomed up, interrogating and threatening, out of the mist: as long ago as 1948, when Siegfried Sassoon's biography appeared, his publisher, who was also Meredith's, was claiming hopefully that "there are signs in plenty of a revival of interest in the works of George Meredith". Well, the answer to that, no doubt, rests on the point of sales, the number of readers one encounters who have the remotest knowledge of any of the books; and it is to be feared that the reply to all these questions is, and remains, a dusty one. His detractors, moreover, have been many, fashionable and powerful. Ezra Pound, E. M. Forster, F. R. Leavis.

Is it then possible that our predecessors who deemed Meredith's oeuvre a summit of literary achievement—whom thought that "if Shakespeare revisited the globe and asked for a book of our time to read, this would be the one"—(as Percy Lubbock in 1921 quotes someone as saying)—were all intellectual snobs led astray by his tawdry-to-the-geometer qualities, his long novellistic of unexciting "looking grand - old - manner"? It would be a pity if this were the case, for his works are so

numerous and so long that there is merit on them in Gail's plenty for academic assessment in a field where unexplored great talents grow daily deeper. It is high time, surely, for the process of reappraisal to begin. Ian Fletcher, therefore, to this end has marshalled into the field his team of experts, all, with a couple of exceptions, from the staffs of English universities, and he has so arranged his batting-order that each expert has a single subject, or book, in discussion. With true captain's abnegation he has himself taken on one of the most difficult assignments—*The Shaving of Shagpat*—and two others of his team, with equal courage, have unselfishly written upon novels "that were not their choice"—a process which, particularly in the case of *The Egoist*, has led to some rather cramped bittings.

Significantly, though, it is the women members of the team that show to the greatest advantage. Barbara Hardy's parallel discussion of *Lord Ormont* and of *The Amazing Marriage* is a beautiful piece of work, polished, explicit and likely to cause the conscientious reader to rush forth in search of both these novels; so, also, in its own way is Gillian Beer's analysis of that difficult late work, *One of Our Conquerors*; and Leonie Ormond's brilliant account of *The Tragic Conscience* is simply a long series of sixes sent smashing right over the roof of the pavilion. These three critics have no doubt that Meredith still merits our attention; and so in his own fashion has J. M. S. Tompkins, in his delightful revisitation of the pages of *Evan Harrington*. The other male players are rather more circumspect: most of them are bowlers and many of their craviest deliveries seem to be aimed at the shins of poor old Meredith rather than at the enlightenment of the patient reader. Those who do not dam with falot praise tend to praise with faint damn. John Guss, for example, who deals with the poetry,

"Russian count" who visited Arnold in the spring of 1861. (These comments are supported by three critical references, two of which were unfamiliar to the present reviewer.) After the thoroughness of his documentation, Professor Bush is notable for his quiet reputation of critical extravagance. I. Hills Miller, Raymond Williams and Dwight Culler are all topped over the knuckles for what amounts to glib presumption, and other Arnold scholars are politely dissented from when they appear to go astray. Writing in the United States in the disturbed 1970s, Professor Bush obviously fears, as he confesses in his introduction, that to many general readers there "Matthew Arnold's voice . . . may seem too far off and faint to reach us" at a time when "extreme revolutionary zeal seems to be attended by anti-intellectual, multicultural intolerance and a false notion of 'relevance'", but he insists, as Lionel Trilling insisted in 1939 in his thirty-odd years or thirty-odd light-years away?!, that "Arnold still speaks to us more directly, in a larger proportion of his poetry and prose, than any other Victorian poet or critic", and that we need more than ever today his concept of right reason in our dealings with literary criticism or public affairs. This may indeed be true, but one is not entirely happy to see Arnold put up in shining armour to represent the sanity of the classical humanist tradition of culture now threatened by an anarchy which Professor Bush sees as a hundred times more dangerous than anything Arnold had to encounter at the line of the Second Reform Bill. Professor Bush is perhaps too much inclined to carve out from the full reality an Arnold more inflexible and less troubled in his gift than he really was. A "Liberal of the future" is not quite the same thing as a Conservative who suspects that there may be Muckists and student militants under his bed.

has little that is good to say of anything but the "Modern Love" sequence, and "Love in the [here called] Valley" gets a complete brush-off. And though Arnold Kettle does, on the whole, speak favourably of *Beauchamp's Career*, he inclines also to end his report with "Could do better". He does this, in fact, in a rather amusing way by observing: "I am . . . conscious that, in writing about [this] book, I have given the impression of its being better than it actually is."

For the rest, there is a great deal of drawing interesting parallels: how *Fevers* is related to Rousseau's *Emile*; *Shagpat* to *Sartor Resartus*; *Harry Richmond* to *Wilhelm Meister*. Also a good deal of what might be called interdenominational sparring: "I cannot quite accept Gillian Beer's view . . ." To quote this is to offer some kind of answer to Van Ghent's criticism; and so on.

To sum up, this volume, though full of interest in the hazy few who know their Meredith, will be of no great help to those who stand shivering on the brink aspiring to plunge into one's mind about a writer, and that is to read him. Whether, more than sixty years after his death, Meredith will ever again be widely admired is an open question. That he was a great, though greatly imperfect, writer, the existence of such a book as this demonstrates, for in some sense he is on all our co-consciences—the one extinct mammoth concerning whom we have yet to make up our minds.

Meredith's works of present resemble a vast jungle, and the explorers are few; and of those few not all exhibit strong enthusiasm for their investigations. Those who in this book exhibit that enthusiasm are perhaps those most likely to spend the interior for a fine thing may still be found there—Angkor-rains, very likely, but lowering into the heavens.

THAMES AND HUDSON

February books

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MASSIMO CARRA

Foreword by CAROLINE TISDALE

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Proust's plan

JEAN-YVES TADIÉ
Proust et le roman
461pp. Paris: Gallimard, 1987.
Lectures de Proust
283pp. Paris: Armand Colin, 1987.

Too many of Proust's critics have spent too much of their time theorizing or discussing side issues instead of coming to grips with the novel. Jean-Yves Tadié's reservations are apparent from the title of the first of his books and from some sharp comments in the second. "They are underlined, amusingly, by a sentence from the blurb of *Proust et le roman*: 'Il s'agit ici d'une vaste interprétation de la Recherche, considérée en fin de compte comme un roman.' The critic's job is to state the problems, as M Tadié remarks in his introduction, 'in the same terms' and look at them 'from the same angle' as the novelist himself.

There are chapters on all the main aspects: the problems of the narrator; the characters, their presentation, their physical appearance, their clothes, their relations with one another and their language; time, the links between time and language; time and events; points of view and perspectives; the techniques of the *roman*; the 'architecture of the work'.

The chapter on 'architecture' is central. "The novelist's problem," writes M Tadié, "is to avoid the 'systematization' of mediocre writers. Proust attached the same importance to 'architecture' as Baudelaire, but suggested that there was no element of 'uncertainty in his plan'. This was not altogether just. A poet's experience does not stand still; it is constantly evolving. The second edition of the *Fleurs du mal* is better than the first and there can be little doubt that if Baudelaire had lived to produce a third edition, it would have been better than either of the others.

It must, however, be said in fairness, to Proust that his criticism of Baudelaire was made in *Contre Sainte-Beuve* when he was still trying to work out his own 'plan'. His success brings out the resemblances instead of the differences between the poet and the novelist. For Proust, says M Tadié, "in composition, loin de se fonder dans un plan préalable, doit croître spontanément comme un organisme vivant". There is, indeed, no question of 'systematization' in either case. In both writers 'architecture' was the result of vision and not theorizing. We can see that Proust's experience evolved in the same manner as or perhaps even more markedly than Baudelaire's from the vast elaboration of his original plan which took place during the additions made at the proof stage, from the introduction of the war against Germany and its many implications for the novel, and from the *Temps retrouvé*. For, as M Tadié observes, the "monologue"—the final stage of this writer's experience—of the *Temps retrouvé* was interrupted by death when a number of "morceaux flottants" were still waiting for their definitive place in the novel.

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Lucid illusions

SERGIO SOLMI:
Scritti leopardiani
124pp. Milan: Vanni Scheiwiller, 1987.
SERGIO SOLMI (Editor):
Pensieri di Leopardi
214pp. Turin: Tallone, 1987.

Leopardi e l'Occidente
Atti del secondo convegno internazionale di studi leopardiani
660pp. Florence: Olschki, 1987.

Sergio Solmi's essays on Leopardi have now been brought together, for the first time, in *Scritti leopardiani*. Signor Solmi is a poet as well, and his comments on Leopardi are once stimulating and convincing. The cardinal principle that binds Leopardi's life, thought and poetry is "a compact and dynamic dialectic unity". In a chapter on "La poesia di Leopardi", Signor Solmi analyses and correlates the various currents running through the *Canzoni* and *Opere*. The influence of French nationalism on Leopardi's development, for instance, is related to what he calls a "punctum doloris". In Leopardi's life and in his ability to take a "clear, cold look" at things in general. But if Leopardi's thought does not follow any particularly coherent dialectic pattern, it is none the less so intellectually vital that he may be regarded as one of the most concrete moralists and analysts of the human condition. Leopardi's intellectual vigour and moral integrity go hand in hand with a "perfect self-awareness", which is why his pessimism has not only a genuine and austere pathos about it, but also a religious basis, a sort of illuministic mysticism which reduces Nature, or nothingness, to a blind destructive force.

According to Signor Solmi, the secret of the Leopardian lyric resides in the underlying "musical thread", as well as in the "emotional design or skeleton". The conjunction of the rational and the fantastic is the fulcrum not only of *Opere* and *Canzoni*, but, to a large extent, also of the *Canzoni*. The forms and concepts of Leopardi's poetry are determined by the contradiction between his "courageous and lucid recognition" of the negative, static nature of thought as such and the illusions of love, happiness, pleasure and glory which he celebrates so poignantly at

the same time. Leopardi did not find his philosophical limitations in any way incompatible with illusions; he destroyed illusions, but nature is invincible—but transforms them from general to particular. In a sense, illusions and "the poetic in philosophy" enable us to see and understand the nature of things as they are all the more clearly.

The elegant, limited new edition of the *Pensieri* also contains *Le memorie del primo amore*, a kind of love-diary together with two poems "Elegia I" ("Il primo amore") and "Elegia II", which was published in the Bologna edition of *I Canzoni* (1826), but of which only a brief fragment appeared in the definitive edition of 1831. *Le memorie del primo amore* is a unique illustration of Leopardi's narrative bent of mind and his prose style, but it is the *Pensieri* which form the bulk of this volume and which reveal, once more, Leopardi's reflective and analytical powers. They deal with such themes as man's place in society, his relationship with other individuals, the contrast between youth and old age, human vanity and egoism; and constitute what Leopardi himself was to call "Machiavellismo di società".

The charge of cynicism and misanthropy that has often been laid against Leopardi does not take into account either his profundity or the vigour of his aphoristic prose. This makes a subtle use of wit, irony and understatement, which not only enforces the logic of the argument but raises it to the level of literature. At times Leopardi's generalizations acquire the delicacy of a poetic sentiment, for instance, when he remarks how "so long as his desires are still strong, because nature has benignly ordained

that a man may learn to live only after the reason for living has faded away, that he may discover how to obtain life only after he has ceased to regard it as celestial bliss, and when he obtains it he can only feel for them a moderate pleasure; and that in short he can enjoy them only when he has become incapable of real enjoyment."

In his preface to *Leopardi e l'Occidente*, Umberto Eco remarks that he does not know of any other poet to whom "silence was a contributory of some forty scholars

and critics amply illustrate the silence as well as poetically very. While the main purpose of second international conference on Leopardi studies was to evaluate such general themes as "Le 'senso dell'infinito'", "Le 'il classicismo'", "Leopardi e il 'Dioniso'", and "Leopardi e il 'Dioniso'" are also dealt with in this volume. One of the most rewarding essays is by Emilio Fubini on "Leopardi e l'Ottocento", which seeks to analyse and assess the traces on Leopardi as seen in the works of Mazzini, Calvesio, Carducci, and others. More than any other critic of the nineteenth century, Leopardi offers a convincing and concise appraisal of the fundamental qualities of Leopardi's art.

In the nineteenth century, Sanesi interpreted Leopardi in Italy and Sainte-Beuve in France. It was Matthew Arnold, Lewis and Gladstone who placed him in England. In fact, "Leopardi e l'Occidente" summarizes the impact of his writings on English and French poets, critics and scholars. Lewis declared, for instance, that no one and he found it "unbearable in expression, nothing of the beauty which he had, a poet. 'Nothing is place in his mind or world given him a moment's ease.' They, Arnold's praise was so enthusiastic that Gladstone, critically it was more perceptive. Some respects he not only Leopardi superior to Byron, but he had what Byron had not: a sense for form and style, the sure touch of the true artist, as well as 'a grave fulness of intellect' but also in Wordsworth. Leopardi, Arnold said, "has a far wider culture than Wordsworth, more mental freedom from the real character of the fact and of reigning convention."

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Purposes and causes

GEORG HENRIK VON WRIGHT:
Explanation and Understanding
234pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1987.
NORWOOD RUSSELL HANSON:
Observation and Explanation
Preface by Stephen Toulmin
84pp. New York: Harper and Row, 1987.
\$5.00

Although their topics overlap, these two books are meant to be read together—for very different types of reader. *Explanation and Understanding* is intended for experts, who combine knowledge of contemporary philosophy with an interest in its classical traditions and who will not be deterred by the characteristic chiasmata of a quotation from Nietzsche's *Zurathustra* which Professor von Wright has chosen as his motto. *Observation and Explanation*, on the other hand, presupposes no more than the educated layman's acquaintance with philosophy and science and is written in an attractively breezy style which makes even difficult problems appear simple.

The first part of Professor von Wright's book is mainly historical. In it he distinguishes between the Aristotelian tradition which seeks understanding through the recognition of purposes, and the Galilean tradition which looks for explanation by means of causal laws. In sketching the history and interaction of these traditions to the present time, he emphasizes the revival of Aristotelianism in Continental 'hermeneutic philosophy' and in the

Anglo-American analytic philosophy of action. This last development is perhaps less surprising if one notices that it does not so much represent a rediscovery of Aristotelian theories, but their application and justification by philosophers steeped in, and convinced by, Aristotelian theories. Next Professor von Wright analyses the notion of causal connexion in terms of sufficient and necessary conditions, which he construes as "intentionalist-modal"—that is, necessary, as opposed to contingent—conditions. The nature of the necessary connexion is characterized by propositional logic, propositional logic for a discrete time-medium; and represented by topological tree diagrams. This analysis, though excellent of its kind and elegantly formulated, raises some unanswered questions. Why, for example, should the ordinary treatment of time in physical theories be replaced by a "logic" of a "discrete time-medium"? What is the relevance of experiment and observation to causal statements conceived as necessary in Professor von Wright's sense? Descartes and other rationalists were aware of this last question and tried to provide an acceptable answer to it. There are other questions which Professor von Wright seeks clearly, formulates precisely and answers most interestingly. One of them concerns the nature of the relation between "doing" and "bringing about".

The most important contributions made by Professor von Wright are contained in the third part of this volume. This contains careful analyses of the difference between

causal and teleological explanation, of the concept of an action, of the structure of practical inference and of the evidence for the presence of an intention. There is little doubt that these analyses will be seriously considered by other philosophers. One of the novel features of his treatment is his discussion of cybernetics and its implied promise of reducing all teleological to causal—or possibly probabilistic—connections. The last part of the book is devoted to a discussion of historical explanation and of explanation in the social sciences. It contains an interesting discussion of modern Marxist theory, especially the attempts by some Soviet philosophers to interpret Hegelian notions in terms of cybernetic theory—e.g. the Hegelian negation of the negation in terms of feedback mechanisms.

The purpose of Norwood Russell Hanson's monograph is to contrast in a general way two apparently irreconcilable conceptions of science and to propose a realistic reconciliation between them. The extremes are on the one hand the Platonic and rationalist idea that science is ultimately mathematics, on the other the Berkeleyan or positivist account of science as a conveniently formulated description of relationships between perceptions. Professor Hanson's way of showing how working scientists effect the reconciliation between these extremes *ontobolito* is based on some of his previous works. It also points towards projects which Professor Hanson's premature death prevented him from executing.

Doing things with words

MATS FURBERG:
Saying and Meaning
A Main Theme in J. L. Austin's Philosophy
299pp. Oxford: Blackwell, 1987.

By the power of his intellect and the acuteness of his linguistic sensitivity the late J. L. Austin exercised a very strong influence on many Oxford philosophers during the fifteen years between the end of the Second World War and his premature death in 1960. It is arguable that he tended to encourage an excessive concentration on certain narrow paths of philosophical inquiry, which sometimes petered out into avenues for rather superficial exercises in amateur linguistics. But there is no doubt that he sharpened many philosophers' awareness of the intricate variety of ways in which words function and exposed deeply rooted oversimplifications in several widely accepted doctrines.

One such doctrine was the thesis that philosophers were best advised to discuss problems about meaning within the framework of talking about how words are used. This advice had been given, with some qualification, by Wittgenstein in his later years. Its merit was that it discouraged philosophers from constructing the meanings of all words on the basis of some single traditional paradigm, such as that afforded by the ability of certain words to denote objects. Its implicit comparison of word-use to tool-use seemed to open the way to a proper acknowledgment of the protean variety of tasks which words can perform—asking, greeting, thanking, praying, arguing, promising, etc., as well as just denoting and describing.

Unfortunately, however, the substitution of talk about use for talk about meaning also had its own dangers. Consider, for example, the semantics of the imperative: *I shall send for the police if you do not leave at once*. On the one hand it would be possible to discuss such issues as the use of the personal pronoun *I* and you, their contextually determined reference, and contrast it with the relatively context-independent use of the word *police*. On the other hand, one

could raise questions about the sentence as a whole, such as whether it is characteristically used to predict, warn, threaten, persuade, or intimidate.

The difference between these two types of problems seems clear enough if it is formulated as a difference between problems about the use of words and problems about the use of sentences or utterances. But when some philosophers began to offer elucidations of the meanings of evaluative words, like "good" or "true", in terms of their "use" in commending, say, or endorsing, it began to seem as though these philosophers might be ignoring the important difference between describing the contributions of individual words to the complex meaning of a sentence and describing the various acts of speech performed by uttering a sentence on particular occasions.

Austin's famous tripartite distinction, between locutionary, illocutionary and perlocutionary acts, was intended to remedy this situation. To describe the locutionary act performed by a given utterance was to describe what was said in terms of linguistic structure and meaning; to describe the illocutionary act was to describe what was achieved, *in saying* what was said, in virtue of relevant conventions of speech (e.g. asking a question, making a promise, solemnizing a marriage, etc.); and to describe the perlocutionary act was to describe the effect caused by the utterance (e.g. persuading, enlightening, amusing, etc.).

On the surface, at least, Austin's classificatory scheme is attractive and his terms "illocutionary act" and "illocutionary force" have been widely used in the literature of the subject. But, like the doctrine to which it was opposed, Austin's theory begins to show weaknesses when more closely examined. In particular the distinction between locutionary and illocutionary acts continues to give difficulty. For instance, if affirming and denying are both illocutionary acts (which is how Austin classified them), do we have to suppose that occurrences of "not" have no effect on the meaning of an utterance, so that mutually contradictory utterances have the same meaning? Also, if illocutionary acts are each

typically convention-bound, how do we distinguish between acts of ship-naming or child-naming, for which there are familiar conventions, and acts of warning or explaining, which we are often happy to have performed in quite unconventional ways?

Mats Furberg's book tries to clear up some of the difficulties in Austin's theory. It is written in a careful but readable style, and includes a discussion of the well-known controversy between Austin and P. F. Strawson about the function of the word "true". But for the most part it is just a revision, done in 1963, of Mr Furberg's *Locutionary and Illocutionary Acts*, which was itself published earlier that year. At the end there is a more recently written thirty-five page postscript which reconsiders the fundamental issues and proposes some altogether new distinctions. But Mr Furberg might have done better to incorporate the ideas of this postscript into his revision of the earlier text, since his readers would then have been given a rather more coherent treatment of this complex field. As it is, they may feel that if Mr Furberg professes himself to be discontented with at least one central strand in the main text, they are hardly encouraged to examine that text very seriously themselves; and that would be a pity, since it contains some interesting and original ideas about the subject.

Dorothy Emmet's *Function, Purpose and Powers* (300pp. Macmillan, 1987) is a "fascinating, profound and beautifully articulated book". Professor Emmet works to establish what "words like 'function', 'purpose', 'society', 'communicate in practice'... describe a possible society as 'the intention of individuals... a region within which there are various constellations... of various relationships'". "A profound and original theoretical contribution" (*TLS*, March 7, 1988).

In a new preface to this second edition (unchanged except for minor corrections), Professor Emmet remarks: "The semantic evolution since 1958 of terms crucial to her arguments, such as 'functionalism', so much less of a metaphysical notion than it was."

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Working the land

DAVID BROWNING:

El Salvador: Landscape and Society
329pp. Clarendon Press: Oxford
University Press. £5.50.

El Salvador is the smallest republic in Latin America and second only to Haiti in the density of its population. Like its sister republics of Central America, its economy is essentially agrarian, and it shares with them and with many other states in Latin America a critical dependence on the export of one or two commodities. In its past, El Salvador has much in common with those other countries of Spanish America where a European civilization was imposed on an Indian culture in a colonial era lasting three centuries, and today it exemplifies continental social and economic problems arising from demographic pressure on land, which is subject to inherited systems of ownership and exploitation.

Like the region of which it forms part, El Salvador has never claimed more than a minute share of world attention, and on this count alone David Browning's book is to be welcomed. But there is more to it than that: as a detailed study of the changing pattern of land-tenure and use from the pre-Columbian era to the present day, the book raises questions of importance for other countries besides El Salvador, and is, in fact, a significant contribution to the contemporary debate on agrarian reform in Latin America.

The study is divided into four main sections, each dealing with Salvadorian land and society in a particular period. In the first of these, the Indian period, the way of life was impregnated with religious belief and ritual revolving around the land itself and the crops it produced, and it turned on two assumptions: one was the communal ownership of land, the other the right of individuals to its usufruct, though not to personal possession. In the

second period, when the Spaniards arrived with their different system of values and notions of property, conflict naturally arose as they carved out virtually independent jurisdictions on the basis of the large, private estate, the *hacienda*, while Indian villages tried to retain their communal lands, *terrenos comunes* or *ejidos*.

The Spanish government was not indifferent to this conflict but it was largely impotent, and Dr Browning tells a familiar story of settler interests overriding protective legislation enacted on behalf of the Indians by a benevolent but remote colonial government. That government, in any case, was itself in a dilemma. It wanted the products of the colonial economy in El Salvador, cocoa, balsam and indigo—without the exploitation of the Indians, but production depended on Indian labour, and the sharp decline of the native population which followed the Spanish conquest inevitably put greater pressure on those who survived, leading to exploitation of Indian communities and expropriation of their lands.

Yet, compared with other parts of the Spanish empire, El Salvador was fortunate: its small population in relation to its size enabled a precarious balance to emerge by the end of the colonial period between the private estates and lands held in common. The landscape, of course, had changed, and society was far more complex, by 1800 nearly one Spanish nor Indian, but *ladino*, the result of the fusion of both. In detailing this story, Dr Browning draws excellent documentation from the Salvadorian archives, underlining his points with a series of maps to illustrate the changing pattern of settlement.

His next period, following the colony's independence, shows adequately how the coexistence of different forms of land ownership was destroyed in the nineteenth century, as the concept of private land-holding

increasingly gained ground. So with the development of the commercial agriculture and the cultivation of coffee and sugar, and its dominant class, the *hacendados*, here he provides a testimony from El Salvador's general historical background. Latin America, that the land and mixed communities, markedly after independence, dictation truly emerged as a small, wealthy class of cotton planters and the masses of the rural and the. During the fourth period, the past half century or so, the author is concerned with a rapidly-growing population in El Salvador, complex social and economic problems below have strongly increased demands for agrarian reform. Large classes of cultivators, squatters, migrant workers and other labourers come into existence, and are unsatisfied.

Dr Browning sees the between concepts of land: Salvador—commercial and subsistence farming, and mentally irreconcilable, and strictly limited, and he is the problem "will most resolved by the spontaneous of the growing population of cultivators rather than by the of national policies. ingly, he offers no facts but he does provide a fine, well-researched study an indispensable work on El Salvador, but also an important book one concerned with land and agricultural development. chief merits is the approach behind present problems: a historical development understanding of which is a prerequisite for clear thought the future.

Aztecs and after

NICOLAS CHEETHAM:

A History of Mexico
302pp. Harvill-Davis. £3.

ROBERT MARETT:

Mexico
208pp. Thames and Hudson. £2.

ANITA BRENNER:

The Wind that Swept Mexico
Photographs by George R. Leighton
310pp including 184 plates. University of Texas Press (American University Publishers Group). £4.75.

We now know immeasurably more than we did about Mexico's history, and have better means for understanding it and passing judgments. It is therefore no bad time for a fresh effort to bring events together in a new interpretation or arrangement. Nicolas Cheetham, a former British Ambassador to Mexico, has assembled a very competent history, mostly from the usual sources, and expresses himself well and readably. His text improves as it goes along, occasionally shaky. Few would, for example, agree that Aztec society was at a stand before the conquest, or incapable of change. His account of the colonial period is too static: a lot happened in those 300 years and much of it is important to the physiognomy of modern Mexico (the reading list in the bibliography is notably defective on this subject).

Thereafter Sir Nicolas is in command of his material: his analysis of the times of Juárez, Maximilian and Porfirio Díaz gets well away from the black-and-white character of popular belief, and his voyage through the confusion of the revolution is admirably conducted. At the same time it is hard to feel that he has made the most of his opportunities. This is conventional history without any particularly new ideas

or insights either from the author or from others.

Robert Marett's book is shorter and less ambitious, but in its historical aspect has some of the same virtues and shortcomings. It is written in a lively personal style and breathes Sir Robert's own love for the country where he has spent a time when he had an interest in an almost inaccessible silver mine. Its account of modern Mexican life is particularly interesting, and based on wide reading, knowledge and personal experience. It is said that he dogmas about economic development, and should have written of however picturesque, as "a national liability from any progressive point of view". This is the sort of error that the *scientific* those who believed they governed "scientifically" under the dictator Porfirio Díaz fell into. Mexican history is

Portugal's past

VITORINO MAGALHÃES

A Estrutura da antiga sociedade portuguesa
237pp. Lisbon: Arcadia. 20 escudos.

In the first half of this short but suggestive work, Vitorino Magalhães Godinho tackles some of the crucial problems of Portuguese history with his usual penetrating analysis and clarity of presentation: demographic developments and urbanization; emigration from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries, with special attention to the past century and a half; the social structure of the nation and its social discrimination; the rural and mercantile economy and its confrontation with

the Industrial Revolution; the impossibilities of the nineteenth century, i.e. the industrialization, the failure to create a strong and influential bourgeoisie "a culture without social change". In the second half, he writes an essay by Jaime Cortesão sketches the social and economic condition of Portugal during the reign of King John V, followed by a number of sources which bear on the period discussed and analysed in part. A stimulating work which should be commended to all those who are interested in the history of Iberian history, as Dr Godinho does not fail to access the cooperation with Spain.

My first experience of propaganda by pornography came in France during the Phony War period of 1939.

I was a war reporter with the French army in France. On one of my visits to the Maginot Line, a smug French lieutenant showed me what he declared was a very clever piece of German psychological warfare. It consisted of a small picture on very thin tissue paper showing a French soldier doing his duty at the front. But if one held the picture to the light, the scene underwent a complete change. In place of the brave *poltu* one now saw in minute, seductive detail a British Tommy fornicating with what a caption told us was the Frenchman's fiancée.

The French were of course a particularly susceptible target for this sort of thing. Especially so during the Phony War period when the Germans and their communist helpers like the French communists, as agents of Hitler's Soviet allies, put all their subversive nibbly into ridiculing the war had little difficulty in personating the browned-off French soldier that France's military effort was a stupid and reactionary waste of time.

The frontline dig-outs of the French were decorated with such inscriptions as "Aux privés d'amour" (roughly: "For those starved of love"). I found the walls of a *pogote* (mess) in the Sauterie fort of the Maginot Line papered with posters showing young women whose bosoms had been lovingly enlarged with coloured chalks selected by the soldier clients. The walls in the underground corridors with so many erotic graffiti that I unkindly denounced the Maginot Line as "a fortified urinal".

Unquestionably the murals of the troops in most of the Maginot forts I visited was poor. Discipline seemed on a par with that on the Russian cruiser Potemkin, before the mutiny. When an officer or a sergeant cried "Five!", none of the

THE ABUSES OF LITERACY—2

H.M.G.'s secret pornographer

BY SEFTON DELMER

men took the slightest notice. Nor did the order "Repeat!" make any difference. They just lounged around and yawned.

But I would not put this wilkiness down to the effect of the German "transparencies" or the graffiti and the enlarged bosoms. The German propaganda pornography, as I saw it, was merely exploiting a situation which already existed, not creating it. I therefore doubted whether the "transparencies" prepared with such zeal by Dr Goebbels's pornographers repaid in subversive effectiveness the substantial production costs involved, not to mention the danger to the agents distributing them among the French troops.

I much preferred a simpler and in my estimation more effective exploitation of the French sex starvation complex. I saw it in operation on the German side of the Rhine near the Kehl where both sides were in full view of each other.

Every evening a couple of German soldiers would stroll arm in arm with a couple of good-looking and husky German blondes along what must have been the old Rhine,

low path. Every now and then they stopped for an elaborate display of hugging and kissing. "Necking" is, I believe, the technical term.

The French watching the German necking party from their side of the Rhine went pale with envy. "If the Germans can have their girls up in their part of the front line," they complained, "why the hell can't we?"

The right thing for the French to have done would have been to open fire on the Germans and force them to get out of sight. But they never did, any more than they opened fire on the German "fraternizers" crossing the Strasbourg bridge to throw cigarettes and chocolates to the French guarding its other end.

In 1939 it never occurred to me that one day my turn would come to wage war on Hitler by pornography. But sure enough that was what the fates held in store for me. Early in 1941 I joined the Psychological Warfare branch of the Foreign Office. (The "Political Intelligence Department" was its euphemistic title.) The late Hugh Dalton in his capacity as Minister of Economic

Warfare had become interested in a German Freedom Station called "The Workers' Challenge". It purported to be broadcasting from inside Britain and voicing the discontent of the so-called working class. It had some success by using the foulest language to do so. Old ladies in Torquay and Bournemouth listened in ecstasy as the "Workers" challenged them with a stream of excremental abuse.

Dalton decided that we should reply in kind. The BBC, of course, could not be entrusted with such an ungentlemanly task. So he decided that PID should launch a short-wave station which would pretend to be operating from somewhere in Hitler Europe.

It would be "Black"; that is to say it would be top secret and disavowable. As a good socialist, Dalton further ruled that the foul mouths should not preach a left-wing doctrine but follow a right-wing policy and that PID's new Tory recruit, Delmer, should run it. I was delighted to oblige—particularly so, as I was convinced that right-wing

opposition was far more interesting in the Third Reich and far more plausible than that of the left. (As was indeed proved subsequently by the events of July 20, 1944.)

For my hero I chose a crusty old officer who approved Hitler's anti-Bolshevism but disapproved of the Nazis as a set of corrupt and egotistical National-Bolsheviks. He would be full of patriotic indignation and political and strategic advice, spiced with fascinating inside information—in fact, if I may be allowed to say so, a kind of Prussian counterpart to our own John Gordon. (That of course applied only to his hero's opinions, not to his language or his revelations.)

Clandestine "Black" stations as compared with the BBC had a very difficult task in collecting an audience. They were restricted to short wave transmitters, PID's Marxist station under the benevolent supervision of my colleague, Dick Crossman, after months of broadcasting had no audience in Germany, not to mention so far as PID had been able to ascertain. Nor had the right-wing station run by a German conservative that had preceded mine. How did I propose to attract listeners?

I decided to use radio-pornography to catch their attention. My "Chef" [Hitler] was always called "Der Chef" by those in his inner circle, so I decided to call my veteran hero "Der Chef" (he became a kind of radio Streicher, except that the victims of his pornographic tirades were Nazis, not Jews).

The recipe was an instant success. One unfortunate young German woman, denounced by the Chef for having insulted the honour of the German army by using an officer's steel helmet as a chamber pot during a sexual orgy (our intelligence claimed she was an informant of the Gestapo) is still angry with me today because of the stream of telephone calls she received from listeners denouncing her in the harshest terms. The American military attaches included the broadcast of the Chef in their dispatches to Washington as evidence of the

January

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S. Leo Bailey £2.20

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Michael Joseph

growing rift between the army and the National Socialist party.

But here is the point I am trying to make: we did not use pornography because we thought it would have a deleterious effect on our German listeners. We used it simply for its listener appeal—just as some popular newspapers use scabrous stories and pictures of scantily-clad models to increase their circulation.

And we took great care not to let it seem that the Chief himself enjoyed the bawdy details of what he revealed about the licentious sexual excesses of Hitler's "elite". He never sniggered over them. His denunciations were filled with the indignation and horror of a Salvation Army evangelist. He was a pious diarch of the old Prussian army revolted by the depravity and corruption of the party functionaries and determined to expose and chastise them. Never, never did he let on that he was retelling these salty scandals to make his listeners eager to listen to his next harangue, which in all probability would be completely free of any pornography.

I took an enormous amount of trouble over the Chief's critics and devoted many hours of patient research to finding ever new forms of sexual depravity to attribute to our victims in the Hitler machine. Professor Magnus Hirschfeld, on whose works, incriminated during the famous burning of the books in 1933, I depended for much detail, would I am sure have welcomed the Chief's broadness as a sweet revenge. We also adopted the technique of the Austrian creator of an equivalent to Fanny Hill, a young woman with a name something like Milzi Mutzenbacher. This Austrian author never allowed his heroine to consummate her erotic adventures. The Chief, too, was always careful to leave the end to his listeners' imagination.

As the war went on and we received more and more accurate information on which the Chief could base his tirades—and more and more evidence of the Chief's growing number of listeners—I reduced the pornography in his output to minimal proportions. Not how- ever before Dick Crossman's Marx- ists, jealous of the Chief's success, translated one of his more outrage- ous scripts and passed it to Sir Stuf- ford Cripps. Cripps's reaction went far beyond that of Lord Long- ford in today's Copenhagen.

He immediately demanded to see the Foreign Secretary. "If this is the sort of thing we have to do to win the war," he told Sir Anthony Eden, flourishing the offending script in his trembling hand, "I would rather lose it!" Fortunately by this time I already enjoyed a considerable support from the fight- ing services, and in the end my own immediate boss was able to smooth down the late Sir Stafford.

My cloak-and-dagger friends in SOE (the Special Operations Execu- tive) were constantly clamouring for printed pornography. But I still took the same view of printed por- nography as I had in France in 1939. Looking back, I do not think my output produced more than three items of printed pornography during the whole of the war, not because I was squeamish, but simply because I did not think the effort involved on our part would be justified by the subversive effect on the Germans.

The first item was a two-page folding leaflet. Its theme was the Kaiser Germany's patriotic song "The Watch on the Rhine". A very gloomy picture of a snow covered grave somewhere on the Russian front, headed the first verse of the Watch on the Rhine:

Lich' i smert' nadzhat rubezh... (Dear fatherland you may rest assured...)

By rights that inspiring thought would be followed by a second verse. —First steht und ren die Wacht an Rhein. (Firm stands and true the watch on the Rhine.)

Instead, the picture of the soldier's grave and its reassuring caption was followed by a second page overleaf showing in colour a picture of a naked girl, painted in the photo- graphic style favoured by Adolf Hitler in such beloved pictures as "Leda and the Swan", about to seat herself on the upright penis of some dark-haired and dark-skinned non-German.

The caption ran: "Fest steckt's und treu der Fremdenheller rein." ("Firmly sticks it and true the foreign worker in"). Depending on the region selected for this document's distribution, we alternated the word *Fremdenarbeiter* with *der Indio* or *even der Neger*.

My SOE friends ordered these leaflets by the thousand. But ironi- cally not because they found them to be subversive of German morale, but because they found them excel- lent for the morale of their men distributing them!

The next pornographic leaflet we did was an exquisite menu for a dinner party given by some Nazi gourmet for his friends. I cannot now remember who it was. All that I recall was that the menu included dishes way beyond the reach or even the imagination of the ordinary strictly rationed German. Surround- ing the menu was a kind of frieze rather in the manner of the old pre- war cover of *Munch*. On close exami- nation, however, it proved to be nothing as harmless as Mr Punch's cornucopia of frolic. Instead it pre- sented a sphinxerian orgy with all the figures, male and female alike, connected in perversely intimate, I cannot think why we bothered to add this touch. The essential prop- aganda ingredient was the menu which provided evidence for any sceptical member of the German public how well the party privi- leges lived when the ordinary German was forced to obey a strict system of rationing.

The third pornographic leaflet we did was never distributed. Not that SOE objected to it. On the contrary, they were lavish with praise. But an old army colonel—he had served a lifetime in Poona, an experience which had not failed to leave its mark on him—had found it on the table of my secret printer whom he had visited with a view to acquiring some of our latest philatelic counter- feits. When he saw this particular piece of pornography he was almost beside himself with indignation. I did not want to hurt the old man by challenging him to battle over an item of pornography to which in any case I attached no great impor- tance. So I immediately withdrew it. But it was not really all that bad.

The German army's propaganda unit had been putting out a series of leaflets purporting to expose how the enemy was retouching photo- graphs and faking them to convey

intrusiveness. By this time my "black" printer was an expert at counterfeiting German documents, using the same type, the same paper, and the same ink as the German original. So I got him to put the same title on our counterfeits. "Wie sie fälschen", it said (How they forge). Titen with a suitable text we exposed a palpa- ble forgery of a Hitler photograph, which was attributed to the despic- able treachery of an internal enemy. The genuine original photograph showed Hitler in his usual saluting posture, right arm upraised, his left resting on the buckle of his belt. The forgery, however, showed a huge penis under his left hand. Our caption read: "This is a more appalling forgery. Everyone knows the Führer does not possess any- thing of the kind." Well, I don't really blame the old colonel. As pornography this item was not attractive. In fact, it was revolting. All the same, I would have been interested to see what effect it had on the German propagandists.

Do I regret this pornography which I perpetrated during my few years as a temporary government servant? I certainly do not on moral grounds. As far as I was concerned, anything was in order which helped defeat Hitler. And I don't regret the Chief's foray into erotic prop- aganda. It helped him to get launched much more quickly than he would have been without it. Later I closed down his station and there was no more pornography on those that succeeded him.

But I never really changed my mind about the ineffectiveness of printed pornography. And I make that statement with all the authority I possess as the only man ever to have been encouraged to practise pornography by a Minister or HM Government. Blessed be the memory of Dr Hugh Dalton.

And now, having qualified myself as HMG's Director of Pornography (freely), I can hear the reader asking: What is your view of the present wave

of pornography sweeping the civilized world? Do you consider that it has been deliberately launched by some fiendish Machiavelli in order to de- bauch the young and undermine their respect for discipline and human dig- nity? Is some underground gang de- liberately plotting to demoralize our society, so that it shall fall an easy prey to the revolutionary forces of Anarchism and Bolshevism?

My short answer, madam, is: "I do not."

Nor do I think that the "Porno- wave", as they call it in Germany, will have that effect. But I do think that it is a symptom of the moral deterioration of our western society just as the graffiti in the under- ground corridors of the Maginot Line were a symptom of the deterio- ration in the discipline and morale of the French army, a deterioration which led to its ultimate disintegra- tion and defeat.

If we want to stop our descent into demoralization and degeneracy it will do us no good to pounce on the "Porno-wave" and try to extir- pate it by flinging the pornographers into concentration camps and pub- licly burning their products. That would have as little effect as it would have had to stop the French soldiers from scribbling erotica on the walls of the Maginot fort. For the French a more effective measure would have been to restore a little spit and polish to the general tur- out of the *poilu*, to have removed officers who with liberal tolerance allowed their men to ignore orders. The Ministry of War should have replaced them with commandants who insisted on being obeyed.

As an ex-pornographer myself I must, however, confess how greatly I am impressed by the subtlety and skill of some of the present ex- pressions of the art. One magazine for instance magnificently adapts itself to the intellectual level of its clientele by adopting the guise of a children's comic and thus presenting itself in the only style of literature to which its readers are accustomed.

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Nor do I think that the "Porno- wave", as they call it in Germany, will have that effect. But I do think that it is a symptom of the moral deterioration of our western society just as the graffiti in the under- ground corridors of the Maginot Line were a symptom of the deterio- ration in the discipline and morale of the French army, a deterioration which led to its ultimate disintegra- tion and defeat.

If we want to stop our descent into demoralization and degeneracy it will do us no good to pounce on the "Porno-wave" and try to extir- pate it by flinging the pornographers into concentration camps and pub- licly burning their products. That would have as little effect as it would have had to stop the French soldiers from scribbling erotica on the walls of the Maginot fort. For the French a more effective measure would have been to restore a little spit and polish to the general tur- out of the *poilu*, to have removed officers who with liberal tolerance allowed their men to ignore orders. The Ministry of War should have replaced them with commandants who insisted on being obeyed.

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of pornography sweeping the civilized world? Do you consider that it has been deliberately launched by some fiendish Machiavelli in order to de- bauch the young and undermine their respect for discipline and human dig- nity? Is some underground gang de- liberately plotting to demoralize our society, so that it shall fall an easy prey to the revolutionary forces of Anarchism and Bolshevism?

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MUSIC

The boys in the band

STANLEY DANCE:
The World of Duke Ellington
300pp. Macmillan. £3.50.

Edward Kennedy Ellington is an enigmatic figure and will probably remain so after the publication of this autobiography currently with his New York publisher. Pending that book

the full biography which some- one ought soon to undertake. The Duke of Duke Ellington will be very valuable. It should be said, though, that there is more here about the Ellingtonian ambience and the lives and impressions of eminent Elling- tonians than about the music itself.

Stanley Dance has avoided the tradi- tional—perhaps ultimately un- helpful—discussion about the con- tradictions between the showman and the artist, the patron of great jazz orchestras and the employer of a swimming bath full of nude nudists. Even when they were nudists, So I am not alarmed by a fee of from 50 to 100 sh.

There are interviews with most of the leading living alumni, and a sad portrait of one who died in 1970. They amount to as good a portrait as we can ever expect of the Ellington milieu in which the orchestra matured in the late 1920s and 1930s; the bottom has dropped out of the work which dominated demand and supply during the swing era; of the

As ahead I take as many as the pornography business will of the tightness of the big band network. But I fear that this book will not wipe out the effect of egalitarianism and liberal po- sitiveness are having on our cul- ture. Particularly on those sectors of our community which as a re- sponding subsidies have pas- sively through a stage of ci- tizenship.

Next Week: "Obscenity in the glon", by Wendy O'Fisher.

ROBERT RUSHMORE:
The Singing Voice
332pp., plus 8 plates. Hamish Ham- ilt. £3.

This is a book by an enthusiast for budding enthusiasts. Older enthu- siasts will find most of it pretty fami- liar going, and are likely to be put off from time to time by minor errors and inaccuracies. Those with a taste for literature as well as for vocal blandishments may find their eyes

brooding rising, possibly their gorges, too, as they encounter such solecisms as: "Salome... was forced off the boards on a charge of puerility"; "the son of a wealthy American diplomat"; "disciplinarians asked if... etc. But *The Singing Voice* is certainly a remarkably comprehen- sive work, and it contains a remark- able amount of information, most of it pertinent, much of it useful, and some of it amusing.

Robert Rushmore's subject is just what the title says it is: the singing voice. And he does not restrict his investigation to the operatic voice. He begins with Orpheus, David and Nero, continues through the canons of the medieval church, the trou- badors and the great opera singers of the nineteenth century, and the in- cense of the twentieth-century church singers. It was a definite infringement of Catholic principles. In the early 1940s Titus Brandsma visited all the Catholic newspapers in Holland and gave the editors a copy of a letter he had written to the Catholic hierarchy that the in- tention of the Nazi government was to force Nazi propaganda as a condition of Catholic newspapers. He was a definite infringement of Catholic principles. In the early 1940s Titus Brandsma visited all the Catholic newspapers in Holland and gave the editors a copy of a letter he had written to the Catholic hierarchy that the in- tention of the Nazi government was to force Nazi propaganda as a condition of Catholic newspapers.

He came to the conclusion that there were certain matters of conscience that a Catholic could not ignore, and remain a Catholic. His book was soon to be put to practice. Inwards the end of 1941 it became the intention of the Nazi government to force Nazi propaganda as a condition of Catholic newspapers. He was a definite infringement of Catholic principles. In the early 1940s Titus Brandsma visited all the Catholic newspapers in Holland and gave the editors a copy of a letter he had written to the Catholic hierarchy that the in- tention of the Nazi government was to force Nazi propaganda as a condition of Catholic newspapers.

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What Luristan and Amlash gave to Oxford

P. R. S. MOOREY

Catalogue of the Ancient Persian Bronzes in the Ashmolean Museum
341pp plus 85 plates. Clarendon Press: Oxford University Press. £13.

On joining the staff of the Ashmolean Museum in 1961, one of P. R. S. Moorey's first tasks was to rearrange the display of the museum's collection of "Luristan" bronzes, mostly acquired some ten years earlier from the Frank Saverly Collection. These objects, together with ready access to a photographic archive collected by Paul Jacobsthal, inspired his interest in the bronzes which first led to the writing of a doctoral thesis and then to the publication of this catalogue describing the greatly expanded collection of 1970. The catalogue is much more than an accurate list of one category of a museum's acquisitions: it informs us who, how and where the two principal families of bronzes, Luristan and Amlash, discussed in this work were found, of any relevant archaeological material, of the historical context of the material where it exists, and of any related objects.

The world-beat student of West Iranian metalwork is faced by a fantastic quantity of objects, nearly all of which have been found by clandestine or commercial excavations: the relentless flow still, alas, shows no sign of abating, indeed it increases. This archaeological disaster—for the art market is not known for its interest either in preserving grave groups or in recording provenance—is of massive proportions: many scholars would have thought the task of trying to bring order into the products of this bronze flood hopeless. Dr Moorey has, however, proved that this is not so: he has begun to do for some classes of bronzes, the types represented in the museum collections, what Berenson did for Italian Renaissance painting.

The museum collection of West Persian metalwork began in the 1930s with some tentative purchasing of a

number of Luristan bronzes. The first of these had reached Europe in the middle of the nineteenth century, but the systematic robbing of cemeteries in Luristan and South Kurdistan did not begin until the 1920s, reaching a peak in the 1930s. In 1951 the museum acquired the collection of the diplomat Frank Saverly, formed mostly in the later 1930s and 1940s through the art market. Early in the 1960s, when they first began to reach Europe in quantity, the museum purchased some Amlash bronzes in London. In 1965 the museum's collection was greatly enriched from two different sources: the bequest of a number of Luristan bronzes collected by Captain E. G. Spencer-Churchill, who had bought most of them twenty to thirty years earlier, and the gift by James Bonford of a considerable collection of metal objects from a large area of West Iran. Mr Bonford also established a trust fund which has enabled the museum to make further purchases to fill in lacunae.

These various purchases, gifts and bequests have enabled the Ashmolean to build up a fine collection of weapons, bits, finials and simple pins, mostly coming from the two areas loosely defined as "Luristan" and "Amlash". It is still weak in such spheres as elaborate disc-headed pins with mythological scenes and in richly decorated vessels, and has not yet been able to expand to take in examples from the recently discovered graves in the Pish-i Kuh. Only material from Luristan and South Kurdistan (Luristan bronzes) and from Gilan (Amlash bronzes) are, therefore, examined in this work, and the emphasis is on the former group.

The majority of Luristan bronzes come either from Luristan itself or South Kurdistan to the Central Zagros, an area where parallel ranges of mountains constantly intersect the upland plains and make communications difficult. As Dr Moorey says, these mountains are "an ideal place for recalcitrant and turbulent tribesmen to find a retreat

preying upon all who come within their reach". The principal source of bronzes, which nearly all come from graves either located in cemeteries or dug into settlement sites, is the area from slightly west of the Saimarreh river to the Nihavend region in the east. Bronzes have also been found in shrines such as Dun Sirik or Tang-i Hanumian, but very few are found in settlement sites, and this latter fact explains the relatively disappointing results—of the few controlled excavations in Luristan, all of which are discussed in the introduction, as are the important group of bronzes inscribed with royal names of Mesopotamia and Elam.

The so-called "Amlash" bronzes come from the rich and fertile foothills of Gilan just south of the Caspian Sea, along and near the Sufid Rud valley. Extensive survey work and highly important controlled excavations at Marlik by the Iranian Antiquities Department, directed by Ezatollah Neghabian, and at sites in the Dailaman region by Tokyo University, have made it possible to give the metalwork from this area a cultural context covering some three millennia from the late second millennium BC to the end of the Sassanid period.

The catalogue itself describes more than 500 objects, all of which are illustrated in the plates, and some of which are drawn as well. It is divided into seven chapters dealing with tools and weapons; horse harnesses; figurines and miscellaneous objects; personal ornaments and toilet articles; miscellaneous metal vessels; and sheet-metal vessels. An appendix discusses twelve objects of gold, silver or iron. Each chapter begins with an informative general description of the class of object before going on to individual descriptions, supported by a mass of valuable references. These alone, brought together from so many periodicals and books, would make this work a valuable source.

When so much is provided it seems unkind to ask for more, but it would be interesting to know definitely from which collection each object came, from Saverly, Spencer-Churchill or Bonford, or whether it was a museum purchase. Some additional information on the plates, which are perhaps the least satisfactory part of the book, would also have been helpful. The addition of page references to the captions would greatly assist the reader, as would some indication of scale, perhaps in the list of illustrations. The quality of the photographs, considering that every object was readily available for photography, is disappointing and the arrangement of the plates is dismal.

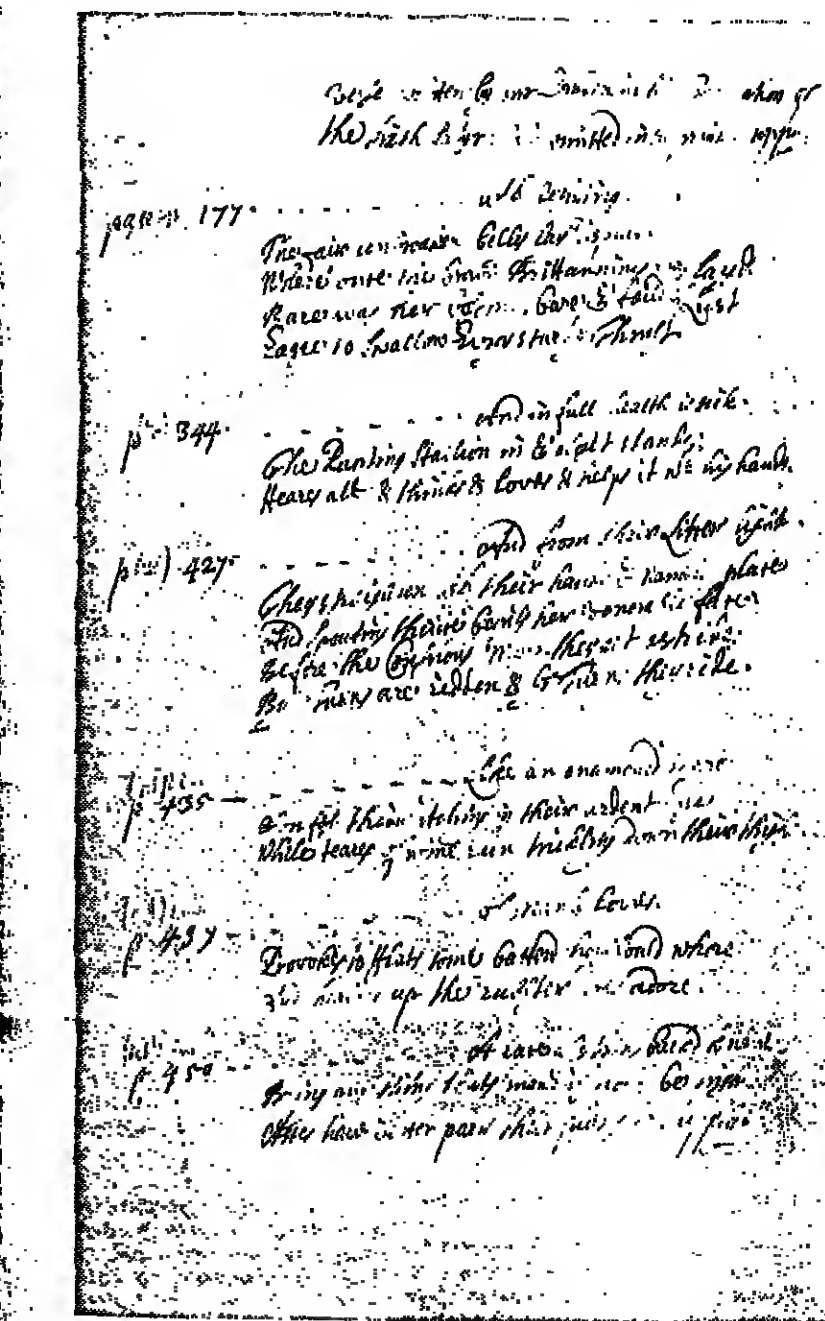
The "conclusions" are principally concerned with the technology, history and iconography of the bronze industry of Luristan. Dr Moorey outlines the development of metalurgy from the earliest hammered copper beads from Ali Kosh (c. 6700-6000 BC), through copper smelting, to the vitally important development of arsenical copper alloys and tin bronze, which were current in Luristan by the late third millennium BC. During the second millennium BC metalwork of Luristan was closely comparable with that of Elam and Mesopotamia: indeed Elam was politically so strong at this time that the smiths of Luristan had little chance of independent development. Elam was, however, crushed by Nebuchadnezzar I of Babylon (c. 1124-1103 BC) and failed to re-emerge as a power for some three centuries. This collapse freed Luristan from vassalage and, perhaps with the aid of Elamite smiths, the metal industry, which flourished from the late fourth to the seventh centuries BC, began to develop its own unique and distinctive style, one congenial to their patrons yet drawing on the technology and iconography of Elam. It is Dr Moorey's ability to place the technological and archaeological evidence in historical and political perspective which makes his arguments for dating the bronzes so convincing.

As is essential to any catalogue of metalwork today, considerable use of analyses—about a dozen spectroscopically. This book discusses the impurities of the bronzes and of their significance in heating some of manufacture; simple and complex ones in hivalve moulds; distinctive three-dimensional ring of zoomorphic cast decoration by the lost-wax process.

These last, richly decorated, indigenous to Luristan and being produced c. 850-650 BC, work of sculptors or model-makers of sheet-metal, the art of men, belongs to a wider tradition of metalworking, influenced from both the north and south, and from the particularly from Babylonian tradition is, therefore, summarily dismissed, not because the Ashmolean collection in such objects, but also because the excellent and excellent P. Amory and P. Calmeide have devoted to it. While the factors excuse Dr Moorey's he is nevertheless disappointed he makes, for instance, no mention of the widespread use of the illustration of bronzes in the early first millennium BC are depicted on stone, ivory and at sites in South Turkey, Syria, Assyria and Iran itself.

Catalogue of the Ancient Persian Bronzes in the Ashmolean Museum is the very best kind of catalogue, which not only provides all the important information about the collection with which it is concerned, but also makes an important contribution to the scholarly field. Dr Moorey has made use of modern research and been able to present clearly and simply the very complex and for dating the objects.

Some suppressed verses in Dryden's translation of Juvenal VI



[1]

[2]

BY W. B. CARNOCHAN

His translation of Juvenal's Sixth Satire, published in 1693, Dryden has been the subject of many studies and it is all the more surprising that with stable and enduring traditions whose development is now well established, the Near East to contrast the Near East to a conbraced a medley of the most various as the books they The jewelry of one of them The pure heco systematically studied in early and neither Stapleton Holiday, who preceded Dryden, was willing to translate every Juvenalian noanoo. It would have been a bold stroke to have given an exact rendering of, say, the Lesbian work of "court" jewellers is rarer than in Egypt. Any attempt to synthesize involves numerous difficulties on the sequence and chronology of the relationship of distant and often rivalized cultures. The new discoveries is also faster than the jewelry by type, following a brief introductory chapter on craft organization, tools and technique. For each period a brief historical sketch provides the necessary context, and the main archaeological sources are carefully described. A full bibliography, clear notes and indexes make this a thorough and sound work of reference. If Mr Aldred has provided the best available introduction to ancient Egyptian jewelry for the general reader and specialist alike, then the specialist will need to turn to Mrs Wilkinson's book for the basic presentation of evidence, particularly from the XIX Dynasty to the Persian occupation. The available material certainly deceases, but it is not as sparse as *Jewels of the Pharaohs* might lead one to think.

The choice and range of and-while illustrations is better than the quality of reproduction: it is surprising to find a "pioneering" achievement objects which are the stated limits of light and One must regret a possible selection of colour plates in the absence of captions from the themselves. This is irritating, especially when there is space to the front of the book. Mrs Hylop thoughtfully included and she has the best index

to eight couplets in all, have very recently come to light. On the recto of the back endpaper in a copy of the first edition of *Juvenal and Persius* are manuscript notes in a seventeenth-century hand. They record: "Verses written by Mr Dryden in his Translation of the Sixth Satyr; but omitted in the printed copy." The volume is otherwise without annotation, and a bookplate has been removed. Its early provenance is obscure. It is now on deposit at the Huntington Library, San Marino, California, and will become part of that library's permanent collection.

The only clue to the identity of the person who transcribed the verses is the handwriting which, to eliminate one obvious candidate, is not George Stepney's. Figure 1 reproduces the transcribed verses, written out with meticulous care in a bold hand. Whoever the transcriber was, he was aware of doing something important. Figure 2, for comparison, reproduces the first page of a letter to Dryden by his publisher Jacob Tonson, in 1692 or 1693, concerning a minor squabble between them over money matters. The letter, appropriately to its occasion, is written energetically and in obvious haste. Allowing for that

accidental difference, there are specific and, as they seem to be, significant likenesses between the handwriting of the anonymous annotator and this instance of Tonson's known hand. The capitals "C", "L", "E", and "A", the double "f", the thorn letter (as in "y"), and the stroke over the "l" are cases in point.

Some individual words, appearing in both texts, enforce the sense of strong likenesses: "Translation", "that" (to be compared with "thats" in the transcribed verses), "Latter" (to be compared with "Latters"), and "Six" (to be compared with "Sixth"). At the same time at least one characteristic of the transcribed verses—the use of the square-bottomed "r"—does not appear in the letter. Nor is it always easy to separate significant from generic likenesses. An attribution to Tonson is tempting and, on the evidence, possible; other known instances of his hand confirm the possibility while displaying also considerable shades of difference, each from each. The matter remains open for more expert palaeographers to ponder over.

Whether or not the handwriting is Tonson's, however, the verses carry

the strong presumption of authenticity. They are extremely proficient and in Dryden's wittiest satirical manner. It is hard to imagine anyone else in the 1690s having written such clever bawdry in such talented verse. It is equally hard to imagine anyone else's reasons for faking the case. Remembering Stepney's claim, we need not be in much doubt that these eight couplets are by John Dryden. What is more, as an unanticipated but happy bonus, they add some new occasions to the lexicon of the vulgar tongue.

The first addition to the received text comes in the description of Messalina's ardent debauchery. The omitted verses are marked by brackets. The passage begins at line 173:

To the known Brothel-House she takes
And for a nasty Room gives double pay;
That Room in which the rankes
Harlot lay.

Prepared for fight, expecting she lies,
With heaving Breasts, and with
desiring Eyes.

The fair unbroken belly lay displayed
Where once the brave Britannicus
was laid.
Bare was her bosome, bare y^e fell
Eagles to Swallow Every sturdy Thrust.

"The fair unbroken belly lay displayed/Where once the brave Britannicus was laid" may have been omitted as much for reasons of political as of moral sensibility: the name of Britannicus would have set typical readers off in search of topical allusion. However, that may be, the new couplets make the translation of the Latin substantially more complete, though some details—Messalina's feigned name and her demand to be paid for her services—are still missing. In the text, edited by H. C. Monro (Utrecht, 1685) the Latin reads:

tunc nuda papillis
Constitit aurais, cunctum iocundis
Lycisce.
Ostenditque tum, generose
Britannice, ventrem.
Except blandis intrinsecis, atque acra
poponei;
Et resupina jacens multorum absorbull
latus (121-6).

Evidently Dryden had this edition (as well as, no doubt, others) before him. Line 126, which he translates with such graphic abandon, is one that Heminus claimed the credit for restoring to this its proper place, as he regarded it, in the Juvenalian text.

The second of the "omitted" verses is actually a variant reading. Lines 331-6, about the wily mother-in-law who teaches her daughter how to deceive her husband, were in the original as follows:

Cleopatra's best friends?

CYRIL ALDRED

Jewels of the Pharaohs

256pp with 194 illustrations. Thames and Hudson, £4.95.

ALIX WILKINSON

Ancient Egyptian Jewellery

266pp plus 64 plates. Methuen, £8.50.

K. R. MAXWELL-HYLOP

Western Asiatic Jewellery c. 3000-612 BC

286pp plus 259 plates. Methuen, £10.

These three books mark the end of an era in the study of ancient jewellery. They skillfully summarize the results of more than a century's research in which scientific techniques of examination and analysis have played little part. As recent technical studies of ancient Greek gold jewellery have shown, future

authoritative accounts will owe as much to the scientist and technician as to the archaeologist and orientalist. As Cyril Aldred rightly observes in his epilogue, it is a dangerous fallacy to believe that modern and ancient craft practices in jewellery are necessarily analogous.

Although the work of ancient Egyptian jewellers has been studied from time to time in restricted specialist works, the first two of these books are the first systematic attempts in English to provide major comprehensive surveys. That they should coincide when we have waited so long is not so unfortunate as it might seem, for in a number of important respects they are complementary.

Jewels of the Pharaohs starts with two conspicuous advantages. It is considerably cheaper and by far the better illustrated. A first-class series of colour photographs, many of them

specially taken in the Cairo Museum by Albert Shmueli, are as attractive as they are instructive. Few subjects so strongly demand colour: illustrations in jewellery, the more so than of ancient Egypt, which depended on rich contrasts of metal and coloured inlays for its effect. In this respect Mr Aldred aptly compares it to medieval stained-glass. In a way possible in few museums, these plates allow for stimulating comparisons between the work of one period and the next.

Two supplementary black-and-white illustrations, which include monumental evidence for the history of jewellery, are also better reproduced than in Alix Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptian Jewellery*. Fine as these illustrations are, their use is enormously enhanced by the detailed, perceptive captions which Mr Aldred has provided. These in themselves offer an admirable, concise introduction to the subject. Indeed the reader will be well advised to study them and the plates first, as they provide the chronological sequence largely dispersed with in the main text.

Mr Aldred is more concerned with design and technique than with archaeological sources and historical development, though neither is by any means neglected. As we have come to expect from his earlier books on Egyptian art and history, he provides a well-ordered and clear account in which he examines in turn sources, function, materials, craftsmanship and tools, techniques and forms. As in *Ancient Egyptian Jewellery*, line-drawings supplement the text and explain its more technical aspects. In general Mr Aldred's approach is orthodox though, contrary to other accounts, he presents strong arguments for believing that the Egyptians practised the art of enamelling. His bibliography covers

all the main sources, though one of the finest, that by Lucas, is cited in a superseded edition. The bibliography is tied to a reference system which is too concise for convenience.

Mrs Wilkinson's intentions were clearly different from Mr Aldred's. Her volume, like *Western Asiatic Jewellery*, is one of Melhuish's "Handbooks of Archaeology", designed to be a standard work of reference. It is more definitely directed to the specialist reader, more comprehensive, more meticulously documented and less easy to read. It is generally weaker on details of technique, where Mr Aldred is stronger. Inevitably the choice of illustrations constantly overlaps Mr Aldred's, and his are much better (only four whole plates in *Ancient Egyptian Jewellery* are in colour), the two books may usefully be read together. Within a strictly chronological sequence Mrs Wilkinson treats the jewelry by type, following a brief introductory chapter on craft organization, tools and technique. For each period a brief historical sketch provides the necessary context, and the main archaeological sources are carefully described. A full bibliography, clear notes and indexes make this a thorough and sound work of reference. If Mr Aldred has provided the best available introduction to ancient Egyptian jewelry for the general reader and specialist alike, then the specialist will need to turn to Mrs Wilkinson's book for the basic presentation of evidence, particularly from the XIX Dynasty to the Persian occupation. The available material certainly deceases, but it is not as sparse as *Jewels of the Pharaohs* might lead one to think.

The task entrusted to Mrs K. R. Maxwell-Hylop was far more formidable than that set before her Egyptian colleague. Though the of Egyptian jewelry may be small and not always representative, it has been the subject of studies and it is all the more surprising that with stable and enduring traditions whose development is now well established, the Near East to contrast the Near East to a conbraced a medley of the most various as the books they The jewelry of one of them The pure heco systematically studied in early and neither Stapleton Holiday, who preceded Dryden, was willing to translate every Juvenalian noanoo. It would have been a bold stroke to have given an exact rendering of, say, the Lesbian work of "court" jewellers is rarer than in Egypt. Any attempt to synthesize involves numerous difficulties on the sequence and chronology of the relationship of distant and often rivalized cultures. The new discoveries is also faster than the jewelry by type, following a brief introductory chapter on craft organization, tools and technique. For each period a brief historical sketch provides the necessary context, and the main archaeological sources are carefully described. A full bibliography, clear notes and indexes make this a thorough and sound work of reference. If Mr Aldred has provided the best available introduction to ancient Egyptian jewelry for the general reader and specialist alike, then the specialist will need to turn to Mrs Wilkinson's book for the basic presentation of evidence, particularly from the XIX Dynasty to the Persian occupation. The available material certainly deceases, but it is not as sparse as *Jewels of the Pharaohs* might lead one to think.

The choice and range of and-while illustrations is better than the quality of reproduction: it is surprising to find a "pioneering" achievement objects which are the stated limits of light and One must regret a possible selection of colour plates in the absence of captions from the themselves. This is irritating, especially when there is space to the front of the book. Mrs Hylop thoughtfully included and she has the best index

Bulletin

Colour Books scheduled for production at Billerica

Title	Publisher	Author/Artist
Lancashire and Cheshire (British Regional Geographies)	Ginn & Co.	M. F. Cross, P. A. Daniel, Keith Rawling
The Mao Whose Mother Was a Pirate	J. M. Dani & Sons	Margaret Mahy/Brian Froud
Infantry Uniforms Vol. 1 (reprint)	Blandford Press	Jack Cassin-Scott

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Gastronomy
DIXON, JOHN. *Drinks and Drink*.
256pp. Ward Lock. £3.75.
As the author is in the spirits trade and has already written a book on cocktails and mixed drinks, it is not altogether surprising that this alphabetically arranged work bears

